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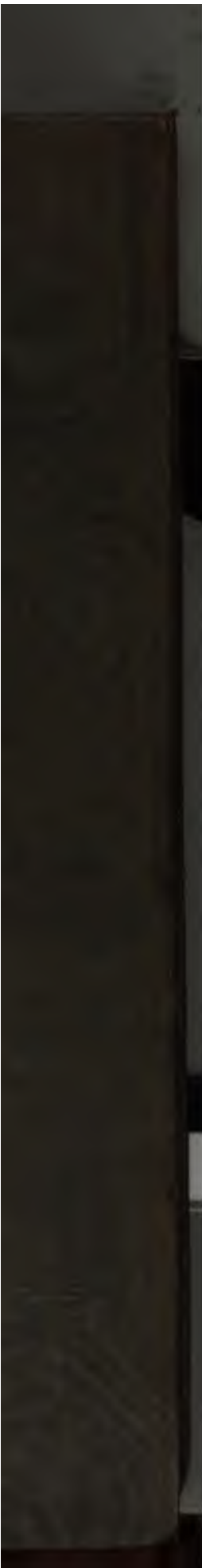
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PYSTYLL RHAADR.
DEPTH OF THE FALL, 240 FEET.

Engraved by J. Baldwin, New Bond Street, 1827-1828.



M O O N S H I N E,

. "A kind of hobbling prose,
That limps along, and tinkles in the close,"
(DRYDEN.)

CONTAINING

UNCONNECTED TRIFLES,

AND

A P P E N D I X.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM WILCOCKSON,
LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS.

1835.



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MOONSHINE.

PISTYLL RHAIADR.

To which next day we bend our course,
As usual on a single horse,
Conducted by a mountaineer,
Who long had told his sixtieth year—
Yet why and wherefore—does no good,
Since scarce one word is understood.
And as this scene is often view'd *,
My pen no farther shall intrude,
Than to observe, with grace at Aber †,
The Naid falls, but here must labour
Through rock, which circumstance is curious,
Though near Dolgelly still more furious;
But then remember what a rain
Had added to the force of Cayne;

* From being on the borders of Wales.

† Near Bangor.



MOONSHINE.

We should have been on 'tother side,
How comes it?—You must ask our guide.
And now so high the stream is grown,
We cannot see the stepping-stone ;
Thus, at some hazard, we get through,
Though after all, 'tis very true,
That when a quarter of a mile
From it you may behold te style,
Of the whole cataract as well,
Yet never nearer, who could tell,
But that conjecture, busy thing,
Might of its unseen beauties sing.

ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD JUST BEFORE A FALL
OF SNOW.

NOVEMBER 28.

SWEET bird, we entertain a notion
You once were Socrates, or Phocion ;
Where every neighbour is found stooping
To Grief, without a feather drooping ;
Seated upon the naked bush
Which harbours death, with spirits flush,
How blithely do we hear thee sing,
Creating for one sense a spring :
Winter, your melody to close,
Is rallying his heaviest snows ;
Conspiring my Jettillas fall,
By forces used 'gainst Hannibal.
Before that patriot, see relent,
While pure, the very element ;
To the vindictive Roman's bowl,
Leaving a deed prodigious foul ;
Why, Fancy, dost thou rove thus far ?
Rambler, forgive the Punic * war.

* Dr. Johnson begs Mrs. Thrale to talk of the regatta, or any thing rather than the Punic war.

THE RESCUE.

WHETHER THE FOLLOWING, GIVEN TO ME WHEN WE WERE AT SCHOOL
BY A MISS WELLS, HAS BEEN PRINTED TILL NOW, I KNOW NOT.

THAT thrush there is wounded, I fear :
Hop hither, my sweet little bird ;
Do you think I would hurt you, my dear ?
I won't, no I won't, on my word.

Thy wing that all bloody hangs down,
Pretty creature, say what can it ail ?
I doubt you 've been shot by some clown ;
Come hither, and tell me your tale.

Yes, lady, my tale you shall know,
A pitiful tale you shall find ;
To a gunner my sorrows I owe,
I have long been afraid of mankind.

For I have been shot at before,
They happily miss'd me till now ;
The wound you so kindly deplore,
I got as I sat on yon bough.

All under the wind in the ray
I sat, little thinking of ill ;
Thus wounded I flutter'd away ;
The shooter is after me still.

Oh! save from that murdering man ;
My life, if you can but prolong,
I'll pay you as well as I can,
I'll pay you with many a song.

Sweet rogue, and she gave him a kiss,
Then gently she clipp'd off his wing ;
He lives, and the bard that wrote this,
T'other day heard the pretty bird sing.

THE METEOR.

WHAT time fair Nature lock'd in night's chill arm,
No longer can the visual organ charm,
Though her sad brows by heavy mists are swathed,
And with incessant tears her footsteps bathed ;
Amidst this tyranny she can devise
The escape from loathed Oblivion by those sighs,
Which are so fragrant they almost beguile
Man of his wish for day, and Nature's smile :

But how unkind is this, my rambling muse,
To be found picking violets in the dews,
When we are thinking of a different thing
From that stale lading for the zephyr's wing ;
Now, in return for all your slights, I'll say
Plainly, it was upon a winter's day
A wight with rural pleasure walk'd away,
Till jealous Time resolved to disunite
The envied pair, and so put out the light ;
Far from a goddess rising in this case,
There was not one small star had so much grace ;
But that the inflation presently must fail us,
Here might we puff the aurora borealis :
Your merry dancers * then, to speak downright,
Were not assembled by this gloomy night ;
With which our traveller goes on to attend
The appointment made between him and his friend ;
On many a rugged knoll his ear was met
By the famed cataract's tremendous threat ;
Its frightful aspect busy memory keeps,
As furious from the opposing rock it leaps ;
At length he trembling down the mountain creeps,
There to a branch, here to bleach'd roots he clung,
Each pool by fancy fathom'd as he hung ;

* Northern lights.

Now to his teeth insulted by the foam,
Shivering he slides till to the valley come ;
His foot refused to press the heaving plank,
What but the glaring meteor * shall he thank ?
Yet ere the gleam that form'd its train was lost,
The spectre Care upon his comforts cross'd ;
“ This ball by which I'm saved may soon o'ertake
My dear Alberto, on his head to break.”
Thus 'tis with me when, as this meteor rare,
Some incident arrives so passing fair :
Joy o'er my breast, how transient is thy power,
Lest this event distress the coming hour.

THE EASTERN TYRANT.

Now might that hill or vale rejoice,
Whose favourite grove resign'd her voice,
Ere beauty from it fell away,
Man in a desert doom'd to stay ;
All that is lovely shuns the light,
And waits on such another night
As reigns where the rude Muscovite
Gazes on beauty as she flies
Far from his earth along the skies.

* Fire-ball.

While the bleak wind's relentless edge
 Is tried on the opposing hedge ;
 Its fruits are scatter'd far and wide,
 And though we gain our fire-side,
 This eastern tyrant shall deride ;
 While there, by him condemn'd to doze,
 See the half open'd volume close ;
 Awake, my soul ! let us begin
 To view that dearer world within ;
 Though over all pert Hope would sow,
 Reason at last had dragg'd the plough :
 'Tis she declares within this ground
 Still many a worthless thing is found ;
 Those lose no time on winter's nights
 Who put this home concern to rights ;
 For though we cannot get a lease,
 Our cost upon it must increase.

WRITTEN ON SEEING ——— HEATH COVERED WITH
 VERDURE AFTER SNOW.

DID Phoebus peep, or the mild South
 O'er infant violets ope his mouth,
 This winter's lingering sword to sheath ?
 Or did the west, to clothe your heath,

Invite his well-beloved friend,
The gentle shower, to descend?
“ Those winds in happier climes might blow,
But here the east devour'd the snow ;”
Awaken'd by a fact that 's new,
Swiftly conjecture shall pursue ;
Pursue with wide extended jaws,
Yet never overtake the cause.

PHOEBE.

WRAPT in a mist, the winter evening comes,
Poor Phoebe's scholars scamper to their homes,
Except, perhaps, some hardier urchin strays
To steal into the park's forbidden ways ;
Phoebe, though ignorant of the Italian's song,
O'er her lorn hearth impromptu sings so long
Such doleful themes, and sings them all so loud,
That round her door she draws a listening crowd ;
And frock and fist oft wipe o'erflowing eyes,
While each capacious breast sends forth such sighs,
That ever and anon, from mouldering thatch,
Relenting icicles bedew the latch ;
Thus, the bard tells us, where some baron sleeps,
The marble with his weeping widow weeps.

PHŒBE'S SONG.

THOUGH we when young are told
The world 's a broken reed,
'Tis not till we are old
We find it so indeed.

Our ancient friends are gone ;
Of things we once admired
Perhaps may now have none,
Or we of them are tired.

ANOTHER.

WE with suspicion meet the year,
Which grief to us may bring ;
With heavy hearts accept good cheer,
“ And tremble while we sing *.”

Nor dare we say that nearly past
By us has done its worst,
Since woe which for our life shall last
It may have bred or nursed.

* Fear by this it is not impromptu.

IN A WINTER NIGHT.

I LIKE to hear the whistling wind,
In concert with the beating shower;
Hark! 'tis a lock or casement creaks,
All, all is darkness, what's the hour?

I soon shall know 'tis twelve; the chime,
From minster's mouldering top, I hear,
Its crazy clock tells tales of Time,
As he thus steals away the year.

What though he will pursue his flight,
Nor bribes nor menaces can stay,
An inward monitor replies,
" But still you need not lose a day."

CHIEFLY ALLEGORICAL.

THE RASH WISH

PRETTY DORIS, we're disgusted
 When you repeated wishes send ;
 Wishes that cannot be trusted,
 For that great rarity, a friend.

Friendship can each fault discover,
 Parent of Truth, a dame severe ;
 Friendship is no doting lover,
 Nor shall our blemishes endear.

Calmly she beholds your weeping,
 Nay, your resentment shall prefer,
 To a guilty silence keeping—
 Your error being known to her.

Friendship permits not the deserting,
 Though most unfortunate, your friend ;
 Our int'rest with the world thus hurting—
 On this we're not one sigh to spend.

Thee Vanity goes on in blinding,
 While farther runs not Fate's decree,
 Than that you with you're Hoyle are binding,
 Friendship's true portrait sketch'd by me.

Doris, astonish'd and enlighten'd,
 With eagerness her wish recants;
 And to sincerity thus frighten'd,
 Owns 'tis a flatterer she wants.

SLANDER.

AN antidote's within the viper found,
 That it is slander heals the sland'rous wound*.

Admit, by Slander's baleful breath,
 Fair Reputation put to death;
 Who can allow this a temptation
 For Virtue to resign her station?
 No; more tenacious of her ground,
 That so, Peace feels no mortal wound,

* In this, and many of the following, Dr. Watts's hint of putting proverbs and famous sentences into rhyme for the help of memory has been observed.

Then with Humility she 'll look
 For farther orders from that Book
 Which bids the christian live unvex'd
 By this world, living for the next.

Our law protecting with such care
 The brownest bib while taking air * ;
 What should await the sland'rous tongue,
 A fair name in its power hung ?

As Fancy can afford us high delight,
 'Tis she, for Busy conjures up that sprite ;
 Of whom, when he has drawn a picture true,
 He thinks, good man, he has been painting you.

Steel may, through one rude breath, its lustre lose,
 Yet the next moment all its worth renews ;
 But who with patience hears us, should we say
 As soon from Virtue Slander dies away ?

When so much sin 's laid to our charge,
 That Truth declares the amount too large ;

* The law is very severe against stealing wet linen.

Good from this evil may arise—
 Enabled to forgive, the wise
 Decrease their reckoning in the skies.

Hold!—for the spoiler urged to vindication,
 Must, to save his, destroy your reputation.

ROMAN SUICIDE.

THE Roman well enough might dare
 To meet those griefs HE need not bear ;
 The “ coward * Christian's” heaviest woe
 Is, that he dares not strike the blow.

STOIC AND CHRISTIAN

I SAW a female full of woe †,
 Weary of life, yet to and fro
 She paced it, for the sake of health,
 To have fail'd in this, from life a stealth ;
 Which would be an unchristian deed,
 Nor shall she envy when we read
 (Our liberty a pleasant thing)
 Of souls, who when they would might wing ;

* For the most perfect Christian would not wish to do it.

† Not the writer.

Though these fly not as far as Jove,
 But roost in an Elysian grove.
 Thanks to our holy faith, which drew
 Out the high Heaven, a Homer knew
 Not to imagine; he can bear
 This life, whom Faith has carried there.

G R I E F.

THE limb, some twelve months swathed around,
 Is lost to freedom when unbound;
 And eyes once blue, when turn'd to gray,
 In dungeons, weep before the day:
 Thus, by the presence of a guest,
 To me so strange, am I oppress'd;
 Come then, my old companion Grief,
 And from this joy, be my relief.

C A R E.

TIME, with his "petty pace, shall creep"
 To lull our every care to sleep;
 The care for titles, and for wealth,
 That far, far wiser care, for health;
 And to poor mortals care the great,
 Care which regards a future state;

At which arrived, we 're left to bear
Our pain or pleasure without care.
For care no longer may endure,
Than to prevent, or to procure.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

BRAGGANTIO cries, " I 'm free as air,
Free of that company where Care,
And many of his fellows, serve
To knit the brow, and slack the nerve!"
You *must* take Prudence for your guide,
Reason to fight upon your side,
And more like these, for you will need 'em :—
Go then, fond man ! and boast your freedom.

TO HYPOCRISY.

FIRSTBORN of Cunning, come to me,
Oh ! quickly come, Hypocrisy !
For want of thee, some friends I lose ;
For want of thee, increase my foes.
Here base-born Prudence peeping in,
(Sardonic smiles had shrunk her chin),

MOONSHINE.

Says, for each knave a supple knee *,
 Prepare, if not a knave to thee :
 Those who go thus far for my sake,
 Shall soon my daughter overtake.

PRUDENCE.

IT is in vain the wisest man
 Attempts to execute a plan,
 Or that another schemes projected,
 If with the giddy he's connected.
 The savage routs a gallant host,
 By fog the finest fleet is lost ;
 And Wisdom knows, in the conclusion,
 Folly puts all into confusion.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN by the wand'ring kine, which droop beneath
 The stroke of Famine, from this lonely heath,
 Espied that root with vivid foliage crown'd,
 To spread delight while winter blasts around ;

* The reason that Moliere's Misanthrope gives for being one is, that he hates some men because they are knaves, and the rest because they are civil to knaves.

Toward the inviting field with pain they crawl,
But nearer it behold a lofty wall ;
(Like those near Wells, in gems, all glittering proud)
'Tis then their dismal lowing grows more loud :
Thus, the unhappy man goes on to bend,
Bow'd as he is, to one who can befriend ;
But if between them now there should arise
Some wight, so wondrous rich in gold and lies,
Our suppliant through the disappointment dies.

A N O T H E R.

A MATRON musing on this world's deceit
(Where friends expected, 'tis a foe we meet),
Reflection still from fancy took her dress,
And Mira thus related her distress :
Enamour'd of that gentle art, who loves
To lead new beauty round the cradling groves,
Cleanthes, with brisk carol, hail'd the hour
When some gay lily should perfume his bower ;
But, see ! yon gloomy hellebore's grim flower,
Blown by the baleful breath of envious Night,
To kill that simple hope which bless'd the light.

A N O T H E R.

AVARICE, considering how to play,
 Fate with a sneer regards,
 While sending Poverty away,
 'To snatch from him the cards.

G O S S I P H O P E.

MOTHERS, can you believe? I caught her,
 A mother, sighing o'er her daughter!
 "When you decline, my blooming maid,
 'Twill be again myself to fade."
 But Gossip Hope presents your child,
 As yourself, innocent and wild;
 Let Nature's law but be obey'd,
 I die before her roses fade.

H O P E D E T E C T E D.

'Tis through experience and reflection
 The busy Hope meets with detection:
 Hope, who is for the coming time
 Still laying out her honied lime;
 Which she, with such expertness mixes,
 On it each gay idea fixes.

Hope is employed by Vice and Folly,
By Virtue, too, and Melancholy ;
For we, with confidence, may dare
To say 'tis Hope, and not Despair,
Who does for suicide prepare.
Should this Hypothesis displease,
Is it not Hope who tells us ease
May to the tortured heart be led,
By only pulling of a thread ;
That with the polish'd ball she 'll roll,
Or glide through smooth streams, to the soul ?

MY HOPE.

MY Hope, thou art a lady vain,
The idle fancies you maintain
Form such a crowd, and spread so wide,
Reason is never on your side.
And yet without her, what art thou
But Lunacy, who bends his bow
Against old Ocean, Death, and space,
Or with the winds would run a race ?

TO MEMORY.

OH ! thou, from whom at present must
Come my amusement, I intrust

Thee, Mem'ry, with my fame!
 With Truth don't get me in a scrape—
 By hers my every notion shape—
 Still may I love her name!

But hate the whisper, Discord's spy,
 Through whom our credit we deny
 When Time some wonder brings:
 Time, how ill used by those who glean
 The street for chaff, and then are mean
 Enough to breathe it wings *!

TO MEMORY.

THE lights are gone, I hear no voices,
 And now it is my soul rejoices;
 By which, methinks, I am to find
 The soul would have me deaf and blind.
 Yet, after all, her cogitation
 Must to the senses bear relation,
 Whether it's on the page † of Plot,
 Salvator's pencil, or what not.

* Though when we must speak, the strictest veracity should be observed, even in trifles, or falsehood would become habitual. Silence is as commendable after chit-chat, as blamable when we are unjust to the character of another, by persisting in our taciturnity.

† Plot's Oxfordshire.

Now, should this immaterial being,
Who, while clay sleeps, fine sights is seeing,
Acknowledge to speak truth, I caught her
Confessing every thing was taught her *.
Why, then, what follows is, that we
Think that our soul is Memory;
And thus it may be understood
Why Memory yields our purest good,
As all allow the recollection
Of having done some virtuous action.
In me (the time, perhaps, how near!)
What Memory was, would soon appear,
Were I reduced to eye and ear.
If not the soul, we may presume
Memory, in future state, finds room;
And while our mortal course we run,
What without Memory can be done?
Through whom we often don't suspect
A dulness in the intellect;
Where this is brightest, all's confusion,
When want of Memory brings delusion.

* It were more reasonable to permit this guess to those who had seen one born deaf and blind.

Much good may 't do 'em who 've the heart
 To pore on Malbranche and Descartes ;
 For, after all, we acknowledge still,
 Our Memory waits upon the will.
 Hence Smirk retailing Farquhar's plays,
 Graveairs no elegy but Gray's ;
 While Barbecue forgets each book
 That does not teach him how to cook.

TO CUNNING.

THOUGH Cunning from that Folly springs
 By whom alone employ'd,
 How often by her stratagems
 Is Wisdom's self annoy'd *.

Thus will the despicable juice
 A blighted vintage brings,
 Out of the basest metal pour'd,
 Destroy the boast of kings †.

* Though no doubt many honest people may say with Montaigne,
 " I have seen, in my time, a thousand men of supple, mongrel na-
 tures, of whom no one doubted but they were more worldly wise
 than I, ruin themselves, where I have saved myself: I laughed to
 see their unsuccessful wiles."

† We think this pearl is in the crown of the great mogul.

REASON.—THE ZEPHYR AND REASON.

WHILE recollecting many a whim,
 I said, we know the chaff may swim
 Secure in Summer's sultry noon,
 But evening's Zephyr cometh soon,
 To whom such things shall fall a prey ;
 With them his new-fledged pinions play ;
 By night so nervous grown, they lead ye
 More weighty trifles to the eddy.
 In life's decline, how many follies die,
 With the slight requiem of a sober sigh ;
 But this, this last, we blush to feel a tear,
 Ah ! yet a while our fav'rite folly spare ;
 Reason grown stronger, then shall make her boast,
 That darling foible with a smile was lost * .

REASON AND PASSION.

REASON, good dame, with measured step goes on,
 To bring back man, by her foe Passion won ;
 Passion, who runs, flies, creeps,
 And in her measures still no measure keeps.

* Of course, we mean the follies of a middle age, and not to insinuate that man can live free from follies.

TO REASON.

SPARK of the ethereal fire,
 Only with my life expire.
 I will nurse thee, may I save!
 Many enemies you have.
 For lo! the trembling hand of Fear;
 Sorrow threatening with a tear,
 By eager Joy's full hasty breath
 The flame is kindled for thy death.
 Furious Anger (horrid sight!)
 Stamps till he extinguish quite.
 Distill'd from Agony's pale brow,
 The big drop falling, thou art low;
 'Tis now the cordial crowd I see,
 Pretending aid, will smother thee.
 Great parent, Light! the foe disperse,
 Or 'tis in vain we Reason nurse.

NOT THE SHADOW OF PLEASURE.

"IN your state of probation," says Reason, "great gain
 I would have you consider the absence of pain."
 But man, all contemptuous of ease as a treasure,
 Is intent on obtaining no less than a pleasure.

In this world, that great churchyard, some spectres we see,
 But mere fancy the shadow of Pleasure must be ;
 Since the poor human creature there 's nothing to save
 From that queer situation, the brink of the grave.
 And thence it is at her he catches and hollows,
 Till seized on by Death, what long yawn'd for him,
 swallows;
 But 'tis in proceeding to what often follows,
 We meet those reflections too sad for my rhyme,
 Such as—lost by abusing our portion of time,
 By a toil most extravagant while upon earth—
 The joy to which Heaven alone can give birth.

KNAVERY.—THE BLOW.

LIVES there a man of wisdom who receives
 A blow, considering not the hand that gives ?
 The tipstaff's touch to shame and sorrow brings ;
 While from the royal tap high honour springs.
 Be ye resign'd, who feel from knaves your blow,
 Of such the rod of Heaven is made, you know.

THE QUARREL.

SOME high words arising, Ben call'd Dick a knave,
 And yet as 'twas Richard who soonest forgave,

At least we may see the best Christian, said I ;
 When feeling one twitch me, " Stop! hark ye!" says Dry,
 " Before you so loudly applaud with the throng,
 Be certain that Richard receiv'd any wrong."

RESIGNATION.

MAN tries to make himself believe,
 Himself how willing to deceive,
 That, a great crowd of sorrows past,
 He has met happiness at last.
 But through officious Truth shall find,
 That after all he 's but resign'd.

SAY " What has man with Joy to do?
 Angels of light, she 's made for you."
 Since Hope is treated by the wise *
 As only Fear in gay disguise,
 We are to this confession driven,
 'Tis Resignation who is given
 As our chief good on this side Heaven.
 Vain man, be thou content to raise
 Thy voice to Resignation's praise!

* See Cowley.

THE ANALYSIS.

WHAT is this fame? Come, let us see
What power will analyze for me.
'Tis Truth appearing, thus performs
Her task upon the breath of worms;
Our motive*, thrown in by the dame,
This sparkling cordial clouds with shame;
But we'll suppose that all is pure,
Enough to filt'ring time endure;
No dreg of interest here shall lie,
Nor the least scum from vanity:
Its brightness then must be allow'd
By Wisdom, and, for once, the crowd
Shall echo her; for even these,
(We change our metaphor with ease)
Fame's fervent votary pants to please.
Let us aspire to what? This ball
Itself is only raised to fall.
Where, then, is Fame? See where, how low
She lies, to whom man cries, "Bestow!"

* It is from the Devil (upon Two Sticks) we have the following remark; therefore we hope it may be false: "Such are for the most part all generous actions, we should be far from admiring them did we see into their motives."

Since Fame is down—down did we say?
 Too weak the phrase, she's swept away—
 Must we relinquish each pursuit,
 But what is shared with servant brute?
 Relinquish Praise? at whose sweet voice
 Where is the heart that don't rejoice?
 Yet when she's mortal we but doat;
 Let us then try to catch that note,
 Which Conscience from above may bring,
 Though man in unison don't sing,
 'Tis hence eternal joy shall spring.

THE RACE.

WHO is it grows more swift through age?
 Suspicion—for we dare engage
 That she shall now outstep dame Truth,
 Though far behind her in her youth.

THE GOVERNESS.

WHEN Innocence with Fame must part,
 Lest the fair maid should break her heart,
 'Tis one of a celestial race
 Accepts the earth-born creature's place.



MOONSHINE.

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Through Patience, Innocence supports
Herself, disgraced in cots or courts.

THE CRITICS; OR, DULNESS BUT VENIAL.

THE stagyrite we now confute,
(As those allow who can't dispute)
Could he appear, the syllogism
Must be employed to silence schism,
Whose boldness you 'll allow the greater,
This philosophical dictator,
So well heard by that pretty son
Of Jove, who, when with school he 'd done,
Seeing the world, saw with disdain,
Less than an army in his train.
I wonder much how those can bear,
Who only praise with patience hear,
To think upon a future age,
With critics over every page,
More numerous than when butterflies
From full-blown lavender arise.
Hurt by such censure, 'tis well known
Pope sung in a terrific tone,
To punish these, and fright all others,
Who wish'd to imitate their brothers.

Did not Regret sit at his heart,
 Thinking a Dunciad's second part
 Could not the unborn witling daunt?
 For wits of his day you will grant
 So flatter, Pope could not suppose
 One quill to start from such as those :
 Or hopes he had anticipated
 The critic (here he over-rated)
 Might dread and anger lull to rest ;
 Or Virtue quell'd (to think the best
 Of one who made the dame his guest,)
 Every incursion of the spleen,
 Before he left this motley scene ;
 But how, irascible Voltaire,
 Could you upon this subject fare ?
 By the despised that only palm *,
 Which can the troubled bosom calm.
 How is it you exist thus long,
 Conscious that it will not with song,
 Smart epigram, or sly lampoon,
 Be left within thy power soon
 To disconcert the aim of wit,
 Presumptuous in his hope to hit

* Palma Christi, a beautiful annual.

Most luckily upon some error,
Of such a *head* ; here is *your* terror.
The writer of our dictionary
Knew, that through time, such works miscarry* ;
And disregarding all abuse,
Which met his politics or muse,
Wrote ethics, Wisdom⁽²²⁾ can't refuse :
Nor can we think that he one word
For wit's sake, wish'd his friend to hoard ;
So that on Johnson, when in sport †,
The Rambler ever could retort.
Why to defend his head so strenuous,
Most authors dullness is not heinous.
If you without subscription play,
More quietly your conscience may
Than the insipid volume lay,
You unmolested by remorse.
Unfelt the ivory's friendly force
By that, the trunk's capacious hollow
Must soon the wretched creature swallow ;

* Lamenting that Shakspeare's language should become obsolete, Johnson observes, " That which must happen to all, has happened to Shakspeare."

† Taking the weak side of an argument.

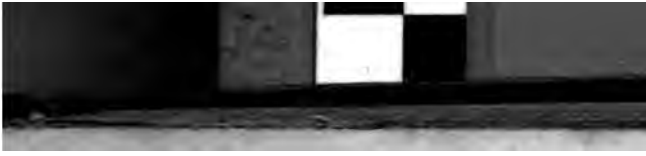
Or worse, some vulgar tenant spoil
 By overwhelming it with oil ;
 Which running to the dedication,
 What food is there for conflagration !

EXPERIENCE AND EXPECTATION.

A YOUTHFUL hope pursuing pleasure,
 Dull hours, but as lost time, will measure ;
 While age, who many sad has spent,
 With dull ones would be well content.
 Experience here, there Expectation,
 Give to opinion its foundation.
 Thus sits Sir Turk, as writers say,
 Whiffing o'er sherbet all the day,
 While happiness attends, if he
 No confiscation should foresee.
 The Briton, safe from such a dread,
 Were wretched if this life he led.

IN PRAISE OF VANITY.

'Tis said Love is the cordial drop,
 Or, if you please, life's sugar'd sop ;
 But it is Vanity, I think,
 Who makes our palatable drink.



MOONSHINE.

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True Love, in Wit or Beauty's way,
Mayn't come—or, coming, may not stay ;
What hopes if we are dull and plain ?
But every creature can be vain.
'Tis Vanity attends us home,
Nay more, shall not forsake our tomb ;
Through her what scribbler but shall smirk,
While prating of some future work,
And for the splendor of his heir
Celibacy is roused to care.
'Tis Vanity that introduces
Pleasure ; and Agony amuses :
With strength prodigious can supply
Us, pressed on by Adversity.
'Tis Vanity might justly claim
Where stoics have put in the name
Of Fortitude, to cozen fame ;
And you 'll allow, 'tis often seen
Her foe is troubled by the spleen.
My friend, observe this butterfly,
Its food as various as its dye ;
Shaken from myrtles or the rose,
How cheerfully the creature goes

Into those academic * bowers,
 And there as heartily devours
 Something to furnish it with sweets
 In every walk and turn it meets.
 Methinks, 'twere prudent to forbear
 The chasing hence a thing so fair,
 And harmless too; lest that black bug
 We rouse, not crush, now lying snug.

ON PEACE.

THAT Peace, the deity of age,
 Or idol of the hermitage,
 Dwells she on earth? It rather seems
 By mortals seen but in their dreams;
 Ascending with the village smoke,
 Nestling in the hollow oak,
 Gliding with the dimpling stream,
 Or along the evening beam.
 Though strange, yet all with us agree
 That Peace is still at enmity
 With feasts, and shows, and crowded halls,
 Masquerades, and city balls:

* The physic garden at Oxford.

She at such scenes is not allow'd.
Nor has the country to be proud :
Behold ! the cottage fire-side
The enemies of Peace divide ;
Its children, as they climb the oak,
An acorn shall to Rage provoke ;
The rustic reels beneath the gleam,
And the lorn maiden haunts the stream.
Fancy, begone ! if Peace can rest
On earth—her cradle Virtue's breast.

HAPPINESS.

OUR song's whole burden " Happiness,"
What mortal 's destined to possess ?
Grant men of business, and of books,
Each other view with scornful looks.
If by presumption we 're to measure
Success, no doubt the man of *pleasure*
Is he who has found out the treasure
Named Happiness ; no—by the good
Alone this word is understood ;
And he may pity that call'd bliss,
By th' highest in each rank who miss
Attaining Happiness like his.

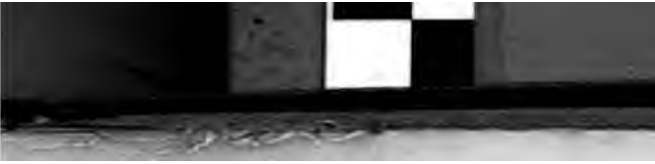
TO THEORY.

To youth a goddess, age a friend,
 Oh! Theory, 'tis to thee we bend;
 To whom belong those wond'rous lives,
 Where Virtue every task survives;
 And who of doing good grows weary,
 While they are thus employ'd by Theory?

For thee, shall not we sleep forsake?
 For thee, by whom while wide awake
 We are amused, till dull our dreams
 Compared to those delightful schemes
 With which we run on all so cheery,
 And feast on our success through Theory?

Nay, should we of this world complain,
 Confessing here our toil is vain:
 To worlds, thou know'st so well to shape
 We fly, and as we thus escape
 From ways by mortals found so dreary,
 Tell Pope * that man *is* bless'd in Theory.

* "Man never *is*, but always to be bless'd."



THE THRONE OF DISCORD.

'Twas in that month which Phœbus strove to cheer,
While Boreas rush'd its tender bloom to tear,
That Discord flew, her dire domain to fix
Amongst those particles which never mix ;
Though nought can stop the strong impetuous tide
That glowing flows down groaning Ætna's side,
Except the deep but smoothly silent lake,
Through jarring elements a rock shall shake.
From sufferings most acute can we exempt
Souls that find room for anger and contempt.

TO THE WIT.

WERE you as witty, think on Swift--
Heaven can reassume the gift :—
Walk humbly with thy God.
Farther than this * we do not mean
An application to the Dean,
Although a writer odd.

Let not your vanity advance
So far to pick up arrogance :

* His vertigo.

MOONSHINE.

That weak aspiring rod
 Attracts to thee avengeful fires,
 And, see, thy boasted wit expires
 At the Almighty nod.

T' improve your heart, exert your powers,
 Trying to cultivate fair flowers
 Where flourish noxious weeds.
 Not of the fragile genus, no—
 Such will in ev'ry garden grow—
 But am'ranths are good deeds.

CRUELTY.

THAT fiend whom we do most abhor
 Is Cruelty; who talks of war
 Where Nature at her mercy lies,
 Or rather where she creeps, and flies.
 To clear the matter from dispute,
 We'll say wherever she is mute ⁽²³⁾.
 Who is it Cruelty assists?
 Strange! Pleasure entering her lists,
 By Echo shall prolong the chace;
 With Silence gall the finny race,
 And 'midst her triumph meet disgrace.



MOONSHINE.

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What! Luxury in that foul attire?
Yes, with his cauldron, knife, and fire.
Oh! Jenyns, we would spread thy book
Before each epicure and cook.
With thee though many a one has thought,
But few * th' ungrateful field have wrought;
Exposing many a horrid prank,
You toil for those who cannot thank,
And draw on you a crowd of foes;
But with the cook, this list ⁽²⁴⁾ we 'll close,
To see where Cruelty for fame
Plunges still deeper, man her game.
First stalks Ambition, proud to boast,
Though much ferocity is lost,
She still leads on a thirsty host:
Two giggling girls, what can they do?
One gay, in finery quite new.
Alas! 'tis Wantonness and Fashion,
About to murder reputation.
And firm support our Fury finds
From a great corps of little minds;

* I am happy in finding this a mistake, and that the greatest geniuses of the last century have wrote on the subject. Yet, there is one species of cruelty seldom mentioned, those arts used in the exhibition of dwarfs, idiots, and infants.

'Mongst these, a tyrant joins her cause,
Who to his circle frowns out laws :
And upon torture to refine,
Even to know that fault they pine ;
Which clouds his brow for days together,
Nor durst one smile out in such weather *.
Though 'tis through cunning, who shall slip
With them to some Barbadoes ship,
Our commerce keeps her chain and whip.
To slavery shall she give a tear ?
No ;—Custom thence diverts her ear :
Custom, that witch, who at one birth,
Gave to the world its grief and mirth.
But let us leave this horrid theme,
For sure of Cruelty they dream,
Who wake upon this gen'rous isle,
Where Charity ne'er sleeps : her smile,
Engross'd not by domestic woes,
Is felt by its inveterate foes.

* Inimitably expressed in the 148th Number of the Rambler, by
“ The gloom of his own presence.”



MOONSHINE.

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BODY AND SOUL.

Of this weak Body, Soul takes so much care,
One class of men must keep her in repair ;
And of the others, few but shall produce
Something pertaining to her whims or use :
Yet, after all, into a hole we thrust,
For which she 's forced to pay, her precious dust.
Ungrateful Body ! who art served just right,
For putting the poor trembling Soul to flight.
The Soul, unknowing where she 's to alight,
Wish'd that some Rosicrusian * might control
That Body, but so newly fill'd with Soul.
Poor Soul ! why thus defer your natal hour
Until doom's-day ? your doom is in your power,
Through grace, while Time still goes on to devour.

S O U L.

So frequent here events she can't control,
Peace is not found out by the human soul ;
At length, the weary wand'rer finds this out,
And then would seek Peace by another rout :

* See the various accounts of their prolonging life.

Lo, Peace within the silent grave must live,
 Exalted saint, the foolish thought forgive ;
 Who, with thy offspring, Harmony, we wrong,
 Both placed the first celestial choir among,
 To moderate the fiery seraph's song.
 Search the whole earth, we find Peace is not there,
 And should we thus gain Patience, who shall dare
 To say, the earth dissolved, peace waits us in the air ?

SILENCE AND MEDITATION.

SUPPOSE a cottage of my own :—
 In it should Silence reign alone ?
 No ; Meditation shares his throne,
 Who, when oblivion would devour,
 Rescues the solitary hour,
 Though she can bid that column rise,
 Which sings a hero to the skies ;
 But we will not particularise.
 Of many a great or pleasing art,
 Her offspring and a foster's part
 Accepting, see become of worth,
 What some mean accident brought forth.
 Thus to the earth be there but given
 The chill dew of a wintry heav'n,

We are by her assiduous care
Presented with the snow-drop fair.

SOLITUDE.

I SAID to one with wealth endued,
“ Pray what makes you love solitude ?”
And mark'd the tear which dimm'd his eye
Ere he could make me this reply.
“ Thus solitude preserves its power :—
Before we 've chatted half an hour,
I 'm hurt by words dropp'd from my friend *,
Or fear lest mine some law offend.”

SOLITUDE RESTRAINED.

WE read and muse with Solitude,
But then, what are we to conclude ?
Bold doctrines † with their refutation,
Crossing in rapid circulation :
From that throng'd hill my Lord lolls up ‡
To dine, while Tape runs down to sup ;

* Dropping the rhyme—for “ friend,” read “ acquaintance.”

† Civil and political.

‡ The *up* and *down* we find is the reverse ; but this error is of less consequence to the reader, than altering a rhyme would now be to the writer.

Retired to those around the Dee,
Where Grandeur weds Simplicity ;
From every tumult are we freed,
By the grey rock and moory mead ?
Though forced no more by your full stops
For refuge into corner shops ;
No more 'gainst knaves and harlots press'd,
Peace yet a stranger to the breast :
Since here disdain resumes her motion,
And that fear waiting on devotion,
Shall here presume to cry aloud,
Though but a whisperer in the crowd.
Now should we take it in our head,
That one sense might dame Reason lead ;
The meagre visage or the wan,
Show us Peace is not for the man
Who thinks, unless restrain'd by Grace,
His passions creep no common pace,
Such shrewd reflections on Lud's hill
Had not been made, but ever will
The dupe of Leisure be caught dancing,
With serious Follies not advancing
To Wisdom, Truth, left after all,
Beneath that closely woven pall ;

Of which one corner swaddles doubt,
Whose cry is help me, help me out!
On some account, though it may suit
Us to stay here, not absolute:
Be solitude in such a reign,
Doubt may be nursed into a pain.

WRITTEN WITHIN SIGHT OF A HIGH ROAD, NEAR
LONDON, IN THE SUMMER.

YE 'mongst those now about to roam,
Who were so ask'd to leave your home,
That you no little meanness pocket,
At your apartment, as you lock it;
Whose door, like that to Janus' fane,
By Discord is set wide again;
Complain not that your friends were rude,
But make a friend of Solitude.

THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE, THE LOVE OF SELF.

LEAVING the town far on our way,
Is every object smart and gay;
Eventful hour! that stone they threw,
Which around it this circle drew.

Of busy man, the more I see,
Oh! Solitude, more fond of thee;
(Truth must be heard, though heard with pain),
More fond of Self, for, to be plain,
This Solitude, complacent thing,
Affords to Vanity her swing;
Or placing on the hobby horse,
Shall never interrupt her course;
And sings for ever lullaby,
To whimpering Sensibility.
The world, harsh pedant, would confine
Its pupil by a rigid line:
No wonder Indolence or Pride
So often choose to slip aside,
While sickness finds a fair pretence
To set out openly from thence.
The growing Virtue we may trust,
Cunning to presently disgust;
That imp, who bears the rule we know,
Which gives to Innocence the blow,
Where Wisdom is hung out for show.
Indignant Virtue leaves the school,
To Custom's slave and Fashion's tool;

While practice well may serve their turn,
'Tis interest every knave shall learn ;
In which grown old, far from abhorr'd,
At this academy they board.

YOUTH.—THE BABE.

WHEN summer draws aside the curtain
From yonder bud, the rose is certain ;
What sort of fly we can foretell :
From tigers, lambs shall not proceed,
Nor birds be thrown up with sea weed ;
Only this pretty swaddled thing
A fiend may sink, or angel wing.

THE BOOK.

To youth we cry, Go, mind your book ;
Into the world must manhood look.
What of old age, my friend? Why, then,
We 're shut up with our books again.
Man, in this world to make a figure,
Had need encounter it with vigour.

TO A GIRL.

WITH such a face and such a mien,
We grant you should be heard and seen ;
Nor think, through spleen or vapour,
I would confine you to your tongue,
Since vet'ran Art must go along
With those who shine on paper.

YOUTH AND AGE.

POOR Youth! the inconsiderate elf
Trusts ev'ry body—Age mistrusts himself.

THE CHILD.

WE think our daddy Time will bring
Us this and t' other pretty thing.
He comes without it, or has spoil'd
So much it cannot please the child,
Who begs he 'll take the toy away,
And runs with Hope again to play.

TO A YOUNG PERSON.

So it has been with all of us,
You're yet too young to make a fuss ;

But don't on this account despair.
" Respect shall wait upon grey hair,"
Says Reason ; though, if truth be told,
Her lowest bow is made to gold.
That doctrine does not want for force,
Asserting Avarice must of course
Upon the wretched man attend,
Who feels in gold * his firmest friend ;
Since robb'd by Time, of twenty ways
To please, well known in happier days ;
Not but in those, he soon became aware
Of vulgar souls, who only wish'd to share
Such talents as could Cæsar's image bear.

T' OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

THREESCORE ! it puts me in a pet
To find you harbour such regret
As shall one deep sigh cost ;
If fled the simple wond'rer Youth,
Her toys have sated, or, in truth,
With them you Reason lost.

* Wretched, indeed, those who do feel this.

In wilds Crimean once a band,
Which took a frozen lake for land,
 On it recover'd breath ;
The Passions, numerous and strong,
Thus confidently stride along,
 Nor dream of lurking death.

That rav'nous shark, and vast remorse,
Who swim round him so soon a corse,
 Dazzled by this world's show ;
We its fair promises believe,
Advancing farther, now perceive
 The gulf that gapes below.

And envying, eye those happy few,
Who with less danger can pursue
 A way no glare confounds ;
These so much of their journey o'er,
Indeed past hope, if any more,
 The earth their prospect bounds.

THE TUTOR AND YOUTH.

WITH a grave face, we tell poor youth,
"The conqueror at last is Truth,

Though Fraud a season may prevail.”
 In this, alas ! we tell a tale.
 Let but bold Slander sally out,
 How seldom he 's put to the rout,
 Or met by one opposing doubt.
 Better our pupil had been taught,
 To place that value which he ought,
 On plaudits which with others * rest,
 And those he feels within his breast.

FEMALE MODESTY.

SUPERIOR far to rouge or cream,
 Though things so highly in esteem ;
 Superior to dissimulation,
 (That blot on modern education) ;
 Surpassing e'en a tortured shape,
 And all the *modes Françaises* we ape ;
 Beyond the instructive page of Hoyle,
 Director of the midnight toil ;
 You 'd find, my fair ones, would ye try,
 Your native charm, sweet Modesty :—

* A man should indeed be afraid and ashamed of what is really shameful ; but to shrink under every reflection upon his character, though it speaks a delicacy of temper, has nothing in it of true greatness of mind, says a worthy heathen.

Charming through every change of life,
From youth to age, from maid to wife ;
Alike becoming every state,
The humble, moderate, or great.
Heed not, though tonish flirts should say,
“ What horrid creature goes that way ?
Such *mauvaise honte ! no je ne sçais quoi !*
Such *mien barbare* I never saw.”
Would you a treasure cast side,
Because, if kept, such critics chide ?
Be this gem still thy constant care.
And never cease with pride to wear
That which the wise and good approve :—
Alas, how few ! But deem their love
Outweighing far the vain applause,
Which for a moment Fashion draws
From that poor dissipated throng,
Which like the stubble, glares along,
A transitory, dazzling light,
Soon with but smoke to grieve the sight.
Companions of bless'd innocence,
Your blushes ne'er be banish'd hence ;
These, through a foolish shame discarded,
Thy peace and honour were unguarded.

THE CONTRAST.

YOUTH, that tempestuous sea, which flings to view
Wreck, carcass, soil, and weed of sable hue ;
'Tis Manhood that presents us with the flood,
So smoothly flowing, to conceal its mud.

OLD AGE.

IF 'tis through time that Wisdom falls away,
Our world from Wisdom wilfully must stray,
Who unto age commits her dearest hope,
Whether she trust in prelate or in pope.
While guilty Indolence with pleasure reads
Sir William's * page, and 'gainst her conscience pleads.
Youth, on the contrary, will scorn to doubt,
Where there's no flame, that every spark is out ;
Patience, successful, at the white ash blows,
And the grey head, to her, its wisdom shows.

* When reflecting on the opinion of Sir William Temple, that
" No man rides to the end of that stage (fifty years) without feel-
ing his journey in all parts, whatever distinctions are made between
the body and mind, or between the judgment and memory."

AGE AND TIME.

CRUEL Time, what have you done?
Thou, who used to fly and run,
To make my wretchedness complete,
Do'st now with lead enwrap thy feet.

“The heaviness is at thy heart,”
Cries Reason, come to take his part;
And this the burden of her song,
Old Time cannot stay with you long.

S L E E P.

THE DORMOUSE.

O PITY my condition,
Here but a thin partition
Between me and this scolding,
In tremour my pen holding ;
I wish myself a mouse,
But not in such a house ;
No, in yon hazel wood :
Then for some months, I should
Not feel from care a wound,
My rest were so profound ;
Rock'd by the winter's wind,
The sleeper's nurse most kind.

TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, thou handmaid of the gods,
Smoother of the ruffled brow,
Quieter of Grief and Pain,
'Tis to thee I'd make my bow.

Odours passing through the air,
Melody hid in the trees ;
'Tis in vain to you I cry,
'Tis in vain myself I tease.

Thee, Summer, I caress no more,
No more your absence I shall weep ;
Though songs and sweets attend your way,
'Tis Winter that 's the friend to Sleep.

THE WATCHMAN.

HARK ! the dirge of night is sung
By the trembling palsied tongue ;
Or lazy youth is left to guess,
From wheezing Asthma, morning's dress ;
To guess, if this is black or grey,
Or if she 'll smiling meet the day ;
Recumbent listening to those,
Who in old age must sell repose ;
By Time of so much health bereft,
Must sell the little all that 's left.
How guilty, if we don't conclude
Our night with hymns of gratitude !

ON SLEEP.

EVERY blessing upon earth,
With Sleep compared, is nothing worth ⁽²⁵⁾ :
For with all others, who can choose ?
But grant there goes a fear to lose
So much for life, what can Art do
For dying men but mimic you ?
Sweet Sleep, whom none of us despise,
Until awaked to share the skies.
On earth, or laid within it deep,
Still turning to the charmer Sleep ;
Each sublunary bliss, this one
Including, yet perceived by none :
Must such a paradox imply,
As, 'tis a bliss from bliss to fly ?

THE INVITATION.

I SAID to Sleep, why this delay,
Through which imperious Grief shall say,
“ The gods themselves must me obey ?”
Ah ! Somnus, we confess you 're brought
By such reflections just to nought ;
Or like the weakest man at best,
Whom every passion can molest ;

Which proves to us the heathen rout
 Were in these matters widely out ;
 Harpocrates is but a slave
 That 's bought and sold by every knave.

OLD PARR.

At length with many a yawn old Parr arose,
 And thus he spoke while putting on his shoes :—
 “ As life is pleasant in our youthful day,
 By pleasing dreams we then should little gain ;
 But when through time we fall into decay,
 Dreaming we 're young is more than 'scaping pain ;
 And since by me this now is often done,
 Who never dreamt, when young, that I was old ;
 So only by this instance judge 'twere shown
 Mem'ry is strong, and fancy not more cold.”

TO CENSORIA.

WISHING to make Censoria easy,
 “ Good madam, let no panic seize ye ;
 Who are most cautious of mistake,
 For should your neighbour lie awake,
 Perhaps, not listening to a vice,
 But to his conscience over nice ;

Or 'mongst those causes we could mention,
The Proteus, whom we call Invention,
Is conjuring up th' idea latent,
To bring down glory, or a patent ;
Whether he would with Goldsmith write,
Or make boots pleasing to your sight.
Invention can so rack his brain,
That Sleep is overcome by Pain,
Or by a dream dissolved his reign :
Where Fear, tenacious of his breath,
Lies panting to escape from death ;
Saturnia's bird her care displays,
On earth, Care looks a *thousand* ways :
Nor strange your mortal has the odds,
Care no familiar of the gods ;
And what though Grief should slowly creep,
She joins the enemies of Sleep."

TO SLEEP.

MYSTERIOUS power, what art thou ?
Beside the monarch at his plough,
And the wan peasant on a throne,
What wonders by thy might are done !
Who art through custom held so cheap,
We bid the infant " Go to Sleep."

WHAT WE WOULD HAVE.

DEATH, the best thing Life has to give,
 (For sleep is death), why do you live?
 Death is a crime from bowl or pin,
 And we would have "death unto sin."

TO SLEEP.

SURE every enemy is banish'd,
 Since at the touch of Plutus vanish'd⁽²⁶⁾;
 No more the Esculapian bird
 Around Arcadia's plain is heard;
 And thy loved silence, lured to dwell
 Within my solitary cell.
 Nod but acceptance of those charms
 Which every foe of thine disarms,
 And tell, in dreams, relenting Sleep,
 Why you, from your devoted, creep;
 While, cruel and capricious god,
 Some despot sinks beneath your rod,
 When he should rather feel those strokes,
 Which from Astrea he provokes?
 And it is you who night prolong
 For all the dissipated throng,

Whom Mercury or Momus led,
Till by the morn forced to their bed ;
Still more I 'm told that you will hie
With Epicurus to his sty.
To comfort for the loss of sleep,
Oh ! may I safe my conscience keep,
Which at this moment will declare
All my reproach to be unfair ;
Considering I maintain for ever
Th' inveterate foe to sleep, a fever,
Though (offspring of a woe grown old)
A fever that 's slow paced and cold.

DREAMS.

YE, who are learn'd in Nature's law,
Say why the dream goes back to draw,
Since man 's not always found in tears,
Nor smiles from childhood's early years
Some power prophetic then, it seems,
Would treasure up a hoard
Of cheerfulness, which now by dreams
Alone can be restored.

M A N.

Poor Man! by weighty woes oppress'd,
 'Mongst many a cause of weeping,
 Is this that when you could find rest
 You may do wrong by sleeping.

Since sleep and rhyme, should we neglect
 For them the meanest duty,
 Becomes a sin; let these be check'd
 By seeing Virtue's beauty.

A N O T H E R.

Yes, in a double sense, 'tis true
 That men but act a part * ;
 For oh! how few, how very few,
 Pretend t' expose the heart.

A N O T H E R.

A MAN, you say, has only to contend
 With his own follies, therefore he may mend;
 But for the puppet there's so wide a scope,
 We of his victory have but little hope.

* "All mankind are players."

WOMAN.—THE ELOPEMENT.

As the fair Spring which from a marble is led,
By forward Nature, o'er a rocky bed,
Throughout its mazy course, where'er it winds,
Still cruel opposition's all it finds—
Here, over precipices forced to go,
And there, compell'd through narrow vales to flow—
Shall the poor truant from a parent's side,
Encount'ring, simple maid, a world untried,
The tyrant meet; for do whate'er she can,
The hapless wanderer must be met by man,
Who introduces to gigantic vice,
Or bids her follow some low prejudice.
Too rash, my muse! such streams may sometimes glide
O'er the smooth slate; and generous spirits guide
To peace and joy, the once unthinking woman:—
But for this latter case, who says 'tis common?

TIME.—ALCHYMY.

BESIDE that art by man profess'd,
There is an art within the breast;
And this he fondly exercises
As Passion or his school advises.

What 'tis in secret he projects,
 We only guess from the effects.
 Wealth we behold to honours turn ;
 To sell their honour some men burn :
 Not that the miser's bosom glows,
 It's heat like yonder sordid mows.
 Your virtuous, from each bitter dose
 The extraction of a sweet propose.
 Sages of old consumed their leisure,
 While hammering at the greatest treasure.
 But for the *chef-d'œuvre*, when
 We listen, hear the hour ten *.
 Moderns attempting to sublime,
 What should they subtilize but Time ?
 Who flies to human power display :
 Since man can turn night into day.

THE PANTOMIME, BY FATHER TIME.

WHAT accident (we often say)
 By fate decreed to cross our way,
 Ere bathing in Britannia's main
 Sol leaves behind that crimson'd train,

* " Nobility, gentry, and students, ordinarily go to dinner at eleven before noon, out of term, in the universities. Scholars dine at ten."
 —Notes to *Hume's Hist. of Eng.* vol. iv. p. 464.

In which we presently see dress'd
The meanest cloud who travels west,
Until the Ethiop queen * appears ;
Who 'd know the treasure that she wears,
Must learn to count the glittering stars.
All this and more perform'd by Time,
Great master of the pantomime.
With silent step, and finger clean,
Shall he thus often change the scene,
At most to be inspected by
That critic dark, the human eye ?
No. Angels wonder from the sky.
Though to the assertion of a wit,
(" Men in the *lowest* ⁽²⁷⁾ station sit ;")
Perhaps some persons don't agree,
But still preferring land to sea,
Bid Fancy, ever active, hail
On every weed its proper snail ;
While sponges shall be found to creep
Round rocks, broad-rooted 'midst the deep.

* " Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Shakspeare.*

DEATH, A LINK-BOY.

IN this vast theatre should we
 Imagine what can never be ;
 That Fortune constantly should smile,
 Envy keep silence all the while ;
 Should we not fear e'en Slander's breath,
 Friendship above us and beneath ;
 Though only through affection press'd,
 Yet by the crowd some men distress'd
 So much, they with him, grim and lean,
 Shall gladly fly from this gay scene.

THE EXPERIMENT.

“ WHAT ! live for aye,” Honestus cries,
 “ Within this vale ? No, we will rise
 To see of this fair world the fashion.”
 He sees, and dies of indignation.

ON A PERSON SAYING SHE MUST DO LIKE THE
 REST OF THE WORLD.⁽²²⁾

AND when you do this, believe me, my friend,
 Such doings as these you can only defend
 By the asseveration most true, that you don't
 Remember one syllable spoke at the font.

Such doings, I fear me, that spirit applauds,
Who lures us from Heaven by gewgaws and gauds.

THE FOIL.

THAT we now meet with is no more
Than our experience taught before.
When things are at the very best,
Who is it feels that he is blest?
This day looks fair, through shade we borrow
From the past Ethiop or to-morrow;
For whom we think our fate prepares,
That brow still deeper mark'd by cares;
Or shall we say this earth's a soil,
Whose brightest jewel needs a foil?

L I F E.

AWHILE upon this earth
We wonder and we blunder;
But soon grown nothing worth,
They're glad to put us under.

THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN quite sick of this world, I call in the muse;
For 'tis she who creates such a world as we'd choose;

Where foes will hear reason, and friends are all true,
 The fields ever verdant, and skies ever blue.
 A second Hibernia (may not we pronounce?)
 Where the fruit and the flower regale us at once*.
 Each poet a Goldsmith, each beauty a Gunning †,
 No mischievous reptile here, that is, no cunning.
 Just rapt by the muse to her island of bliss,
 Care shakes his gray locks, and remands us to this.

GIDDINESS.

WE doubt not but the world goes round,
 Within such giddy heads are found.

THE WORLD'S EYE.

No doubt with this or that comply,
 Because most pleasing to the eye,
 Which so much needs a remedy ;
 It such a vicious rheum beguiles
 That oft the dullest demon smiles,
 When it against the purest light
 Is shut, and open'd on the night.
 That eye, so truly viewing things,
 From the felicity of kings,

* The lake of Killarney is famed for the arbutus.

† As were both the Duchess of Hamilton and Countess of Coventry.

So dazzling, to the wholesome shade
 Most dismal by its humour made.
 This eye, which cannot pierce the cell
 Where Industry is forced to dwell *
 Through the insolence of Sir Rake,
 Whom for the generous it will take.
 Let Wisdom bring in her account
 Of its discoveries, and the amount,
 When Time sums up, shall to the wonder
 Of fools † be found in total blunder.

THE SHOW.

To see the world, that wond'rous show,
 Fond youth with eagerness would go.
 Well entertain'd by much stage trick
 He is awhile ; but now grown sick,
 Not caring what they are about,
 His only care is to get out.
 Sick of the world, you may conclude
 The remedy is Solitude.
 But he who sickening of himself shall fly
 To death for cure, may wait eternity.

* How well has this subject been treated in those works most likely to be read by the thoughtless.

† The wicked, in scriptural language.

ANOTHER.

THOUGH Flash at very small expense
Had made the world his bubble,
He cries (now grown a man of sense),
It won't repay my trouble.

ON DEATH.

As the dullest by woful experience are taught
The extravagant price at which pleasures are bought,
Now reflecting on this I full often have thought,
That for man to get rid of his fetters of clay,
And from this most tyrannical world slip away,
No less than Death pains he's permitted to pay.

ANOTHER.

ALTHOUGH the parent of uncertainty,
Yet with good angels Death were rank'd by me,
(Abating something of his pride),
If he those terrors threw aside,
With which corporeal sense he braves,
As he commands men to their graves.

C H A R A C T E R S .

DR. P—L.

NEAR yonder antique pile, there lives—
But who amongst his flock forgives,
Should I attempt their pastor's praise
In my uncultivated lays?
If graced by thee, our social room
Fears not Impertinence or gloom;
And when on holy ground you teach,
Our secret sins your voice can reach:
For we with such attention listen,
The haughtiest eyes now meekly glisten;
Until Repentance shall arise,
To Mercy wafted by her sighs:
And youth, yes, giddy youth, in fear,
Lest the conclusion should be near:
The expected blessing must console,
P—L so run thy Christian goal;
We really hope that peace and love
You draw upon us from above.
Thee did they hear, both Turk and Jew,
His faith and life would shape anew.

How gladly, if by form allow'd,
 Thy congregation round thee crowd,
 Trying who first should gain the door,
 For thy discourse their thanks to pour:
 But this, by decency denied,
 Affection lingers at your side;
 Yes, you behold her in our pace,
 And that dejection in each face,
 Which says, " Must P—— I leave this place?"
 Nor can we plead superior claim;
 No, everywhere with you the same.
 But in thee is that scripture proved,
 Of Heaven chastening its beloved;
 With whom that resignation lives,
 Which her benign assistance gives.
 What though thy couch its rest denies,
 You see a sun of glory rise,
 To guide thee to eternal skies.
 No selfish thought with P—— I dwells,
 When youth is gay or age excels.

Once, when his guests to dance * withdrew,
 He thus a friend address'd;

* At the R—— assembly.

“ May pleasure on their footsteps wait,
Oh! be they ever bless'd.

This hour a bliss I seldom find
Is given me to attain ;
For several moments now are past
Since I have been in pain*.”

FRUGO.

LET us be credulous when common Fame
Does with the Virtues join a stranger's name ;
As the aged female †, whom ill-luck pursues,
Or as the youthful, when her favourite woos ;
As Superstition in the gothic day,
Or wits of this, from Reason led astray ;
When they believe uniting atoms dance,
To make a figure in the hands of Chance ;
But where Experience has been mine for years,
With common Fame, 'tis she who interferes ;

* The above has youth only for its excuse, being drawn from life. I think Dr. Johnson said there was no pleasure in talking of poverty or beggary. But perhaps even a Goldsmith's worthiest prebendary afforded not the interest felt for a "Village Preacher" and *his guests*, introduced to us by the scenery of nature.

† It is common for such persons to change their places.

Where Frugo lives, should mice attempt to glean,
'Tis vain, his soup has left the bone so clean ;
Search'd is each cupboard by the vagrant fly,
And every shelf leaves her proboscis dry ;
Not but the quantity had nations drown'd,
Did they attempt the pitcher's depth profound ;
But well 'tis known our insect epicure
Can ne'er the simple element endure :
At Frugo's hearth sits Prudence, trusty dame !
Who with a rod of iron rules the flame ;
From ways of darkness held, to reach but far,
As the bright region of an upper bar.
Flame ill-supplied, thou shalt no further go,
When the brisk east diverts himself with snow ;
Though my teeth chatter, and my fingers ache,
My confidence well-founded cannot shake :
And should we tell to make the matter worse,
When charity in public bears her purse ;
Of coolness that might virtuous anger fan,
I saw the miser, but I know the man ;
Ere long by him his heaps are gladly roll'd
To some wreck'd wretchedness, a shore of gold ;
Or to strict justice sacrificed the horn
Of Amalthea,—Frugo smiles at scorn.

THE CLERK ON HIS RETURN TO TOWN WITH HIS
MESSAGE.

BENEATH a tree, some five miles from the town,
The ingenuous stripling threw his tablets down ;
After a moment that his frowns and sighs,
Borrow'd still stronger language from his eyes ;
Through sympathy they fix'd upon the oak,
And thence inspired the generous Briton spoke.
Why, cries Experience, why from age to age,
The courtier * ribanded in moral page,
With gaudy † plumage and ambitious wings,
To twirl the weathercock of Time and kings ?
Or by each bard and orator be hung ?
The bird impertinent of borrow'd tongue ?
Nay, deeper indignation to provoke,
Behold him held up but a Spanish cloak ;
Which still convenient clings, as we are told,
Fast to its wearer, be he hot or cold.

* " He is a weather-cock that turns always with the air of the court." *William Bulstrode*, p. 3.

† " A king's fisher hanged by the beak showeth in what quarter the wind is, by an occult and secret property, converting the breast to that point of the horizon from whence the wind doth blow, is a received opinion."—*Brown's Vulgar Errors*.

Shall all the efforts of contempt or rage
The courtier from his interest disengage?
To palace roofs why strain we for deceit,
When men of business every where we meet?
Here catch her features, while these all profess
To know the world, and manage with address:
How few amongst them who will not submit,
Within the whisper of a knave to sit;
And to his flattery sometimes lend an ear,
Hear their defence, how often must we hear,
“ You by restriction would life’s current stop;”
No, mend the habit, and corruption lop.
Not longer void of generous warmth, the heart
Shall beat subservient to the breath of art;
“ I cannot dig:—live there but knaves? for bread,
To knaves must something civilly be said.”
Sure ere this tongue could its offence repeat,
The wounded spirit had forsook its seat,
Unless necessity (that strong excuse),
Might then a torpor upon shame produce;
But ’mongst the greedy million would I toil,
With such a herd at length to feed in style?
Goodly the heritage of every kind,
That gives the owner room to speak his mind.

Yet think not you have met the churl in Lear ;
No, gentle Candour, thee we summon here :
By thee how clearly are those bounds descried,
That mark an honest, from a little pride.
The youngest son of Commerce, were our doom
To wield the hammer, or direct the loom ;
Say, but her slave, whose duty 'tis to bring
T' her meanest altar the most trifling thing
That Nature, nay, that Fashion, may require ;
Of tasks like these, have mortals leave to tire ?
No ; but when we to thriving knaves must bear
The smiling draught, unwholesome as 'tis fair :
“ Thus are connexions gain'd, my pretty youth,
And credit rises by the fall of Truth.”
'Tis not obedience that our spirit braves,
Truth bears me witness, but to bend to knaves.
Know, when we think the vehicle is pure
With gratitude, the caustic we endure,
For every wound not oil and wine shall cure.
Such sentiments which strict example bred,
Were kindly foster'd by the books we read,
When Fate capricious from our college led
Into the world, but farther can't control,
(In such a body) an offending soul.

How must the fashions of the town oppress,
 Through custom easy, our severer dress ;
 By whose command, behold the Indian wear
 The shaggy product of his flinty spear ;
 Shall he of harshness or of weight complain ?
 But fimsy habits gall him through disdain.
 The hollow cask now meets the glutted coach,
 Our novice thus inform'd of night's approach,
 Over some rood of heath a Cato stalks,
 Thence " Rule Britannia" humming as he walks.

ON ———, ESQ.

ALAS ! poor man, by me how few
 Have dealt so worthily as you ;
 And for your conduct towards another,
 The best of men may call him brother ;
 Of whom, though I ne'er saw the face,
 He, in my mind, preserves a place,
 Though now by death become possess'd
 Of mansions Grief cannot molest.

NIP WORLDLY.

NIP Worldly, such the name he chose,
 Whose father, far from one of those,

(That character but rarely seen,
The finish'd gentleman, I mean),
Who with the housewife or the clown
Would chat on subjects all their own,
His morals as his manners good,
This gentleman, be 't understood,
Much wish'd to lead his only son
The lib'ral course himself had run ;
By lure, correction, and the rest,
For learning wish'd to give him zest ;
Death soon releasing Nip from fear,
Transferr'd those lands, which every year
Might a contented mind create,
Even by modern estimate ;
But what was it possess'd the lad,
To be vast rich, none think him mad ?
A lucrative employment chose,
Far from the ancient hall, he goes
To the metropolis, while there
Observe him, and how ends his care.

From Philomath, who did not know
That Worldly ne'er unbent the bow,
Came an account of all he found
Most worthy as he look'd around :

“ Burn this,” cries Nip; “ your foreign clime
To read about were losing Time.”

When to a party friends invite,
’Tis “ No.” With hope to thus excite
His curiosity, Tom cries,
“ We ’ve this dame fair, and t’ other wise.”—
“ Those are but dolls, and wit’s a crime
Of females ’gainst our precious Time.”

Another spark throws in his way
The Tale by Goldsmith, Odes by Gray;
Though novelty then join’d the Muse,
Who shall by ages little lose
The Worldlies, never fond of rhyme,
He better knew to value Time.

A second letter he receives,
Because the nat’ralist believes
His old play-fellow can’t despise
That taste his father used to prize :
“ Hey! chalk and grass! Did he make lime
And brick, he ’d better spend his Time.”

How well upon the holiday,
Did P—n—l preach or Stanley play ;
And human law for order speaks,
But as such rule he *cheaply* breaks :
In vain for him the bells may chime ;
For while they pray, he's gaining Time.

The offended Sciences and Art,
In mockery vow'd to touch his heart ;
When led by Care to find Bilk out,
He reach'd the gallery 'midst a shout ;
Nip pleased with tricking Pantomime,
Declares he 'll come another Time.

But sickness and threescore conspired,
Behold him where he lives retired ;
By wealth among the nobles class'd,
But lo ! their patience would not last ;
And now, as these have fallen off,
Contempt is caught, esquires scoff.
While Hodge can see 'bout working land
The gemman does not understand :
Now where is that internal friend,
Who shall from lassitude defend ?

'Tis 'gainst himself that man shall prime,
Who with his glass would murder Time.

THE MAN OF CHARACTER⁽³⁹⁾.

WHO to the winter's blast will bare his breast?
Exclaim'd sleek Hum-us, as in smiles he dress'd;
And where 's that drudge, his trade has learnt so ill,
To hope cold iron shall relent at will?
But for a Hum-us, is this hackney'd art,
Yes—still successful with the youthful heart;
And many forward in the christian school
Shall to the knave for ever be a fool;
As with his class you grant him on a par,
The schemes of cunning whose is it to mar?
The meek as turtles, though as serpents wise,
So small in number Hum-us shall despise,
Pursue his art, and see!—the guineas rise.

THE BALLET.

TEN times for Winter in his glittering cap
Has Autumn clear'd the way with empty lap,
Since we beheld the volatile Monsieur
For heavy English guineas spread the lure:
Look! what an attitude, his heel! his toe!
That vault incredible! how charming! though

Here each poor man may at his ease admire,
The first of actors there at length must tire ;
See then Simplicity and Love, advance
'Mongstmyrtle bowers, through roseate wreaths they dance,
While varied Graces sporting with the crook,
A crowd of smiles assemble when 'tis shook ;
Thus, to amuse us brought the rural train,
While our late idol *, with familiar pain,
Wrestling, forgets not to adjust his dress,
Those wires pinch'd closer which support the tress :
More rouge and powder, two essential things,
Behold the god renew'd, before us springs.
To jump still higher, quicker twirl about,
While at each feat rude rapture bellows out.
But here lament your lot, ye happy few,
Who in the stage-box loll, in vain to you
The powder bloom or ringlet he'll renew :
Though on a flowery turf your valets gaze,
To you 'tis all but pasteboard, paint, and baize.
Thus, for new schemes, should Policy require
The man of this world sometimes to retire,
Hum-us, aware of its impertinence,
T' avert a glance, employs benevolence,
His art detected by each man of sense.

* First opera dancer.

T A L E S.

Since book-making became a trade,
 How far back for the new we wade:—
 What has been said a thousand times,
 Will be said a thousand more ;
 And every time be new to him
 Who knew it not before.

THE BIRD TO THE LEAVES.

AY, now, when no one thinks of killing,
 You are to hang about us willing ;
 But in December's sanguine day,
 Why, then, from us you fall away :
 Just so it is 'mongst men, they say*.

REASON AND FANCY.

WHEN a *wild* fancy through the day,
 By Reason is debarr'd from play ;
 Her rule, i' the eye of Prudence, gold,
 The madcap feels both hard and cold.
 " From Freedom sprung, must she submit
 To narrow rules that govern wit ?"
 An assignation made with sleep,
 Fancy o'er Reason's rule shall leap ;
 • We have no right to say so ; quite the contrary.

And mocking whom she much despises,
Now argues, frowns, and catechises :
The urn thrown out with treasure big,
Some dupe for it shall go to dig,
Whom other fancies might persuade
To drug the bowl, and bare the blade ;
So from the terror of a cat,
Within her hole sits madam rat ;
When Tabby 's in Lucina's power,
Then is arrived that happy hour,
Which gives to flirt it with the flour,
E'en with the very cream carouse,
And bring disorder through the house.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

ONE moment, Youth, forbear to play ;
Come—I have something strange to say :
The wanton hears, and is advancing
(For I hear the step of dancing),
With his favourite by his side ;
Who shall youth from her divide ?
'Tis Poverty, or slow disease ;
No.—Mirth is his in spite of these.

'Tis Love who comes in sweet disguise,
The veil of Beauty o'er his eyes ;
Between the fold a zephyr creeps,
And the embroider'd myrtle peeps
Pretty, innocent enough,
He comes to play at blindman's buff.
'That quiver by mamma tied on,
Just to please her little son ;
Careless youth don't see the arrows
" Are wing'd by either doves or sparrows :"
At length, when he has lost his smiles,
And roses too, suspecting wiles ;
Poor Youth would with his playmate part,
But finds himself without a heart :
Dear boy, attend to what I say,
When Love approaches dance away.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

Now you must know, gentle reader, when I dreamt of
another sphere,
They were a different sort of gentlefolks to what we meet
with here,
So I'm very much afraid that my story won't be clear :

Without any further proem, I will call her perpetual
Youth,
Whose girls, Innocence and Beauty, had a governess
named Truth;
Now you 'll guess it was with her that these damsels went
a walking,
A worthy person, to be sure, but then very fond of
talking:
So she says to 'em, "My dears, don't you see yonder
dusky spot?"
After looking with much attention, the girls answer'd they
could not;
"Well," cries she, "do but fly to the top of this purple
cloud!"
"Oh! that speck"—now they see it plainly; but they
titter'd away so loud
On her telling them 'twas a pretty home for a whimsical
set of creatures,
Though something like themselves, that Truth pucker'd
up her features.
To soothe her, then they begg'd she would describe the
place unto 'em,
Which the good old lady did, little thinking 'twould undo
'em;

Endeavouring to explain to them troubles and decays,
 She talk'd about a monster who ate up those nights and
 days;

Of whom he was the parent, and on that account called
 Time.

Her pupils understood it not; but thought it could be no
 crime

If they merely took a peep at this queer sort of a place,
 Yet they found that there must be no asking in the case:
 So although a flashy comet had offer'd them his car,

- For the sake of being snug *, they set off with the even-
 ing star;

And by this means they arrived very safely at the moon,
 From which planet they took cloud, till they met an air
 balloon.

Soon Beauty, hapless virgin! beheld her bloom decrease,
 Through the monster Truth described, whose ravages
 ne'er cease;

While her sister drawn away by a showy dame call'd
 Fashion,

Was Innocence no more, but became the slave of passion:

* That inconsistency which makes Innocence and the pupil of
 Truth capable of deceit, must give *our* dream the superiority of
 being more natural, and thus atone for all other defects.

At length these cruel tidings were brought to their
mamma,
Who was grieved beyond expression, that the rigours of
the law
Would not admit of their return ; for, bad as matters were,
She hoped to make them better by something like our
care :
But Innocence from earth could never be recover'd,
While the superlunar Beauty through the court's in-
dulgence hover'd,
In variety of forms, around her native sphere,
Though without the smallest chance of being readmitted
there.

Now attend to the conclusion, as affecting as 'tis true :—
Beauty, to look for Innocence, still in December's dew
Descends upon our earth, where she in rime congeals,
Here to remain the longer ; by the generous sun, who
feels
For the vanity of her hope, she is forced hence in a mist,
But in spite of his endeavours, the fond girl won't desist
From seeking her lost sister ; and when things will not
allow
A near approach, o'er earth Beauty bends in the rainbow.

HUMAN LEARNING.

LEARNING, beneath her favourite volumes bent,
Chewing hard words, pallid and barefoot, went,
With all the dust of Greece and Rome besprent ;
Gaining great heights she seem'd,
But at the stroke of Death cried out " I dream'd."
Now, the true Wisdom never yet was known,
Like this poor mimic, to go on alone ;
Pure Piety, and Health, by her caress'd,
'Tis their united smiles must soon be bless'd
With the twin Cherubs, who fore Wisdom play,
Through but for them that melancholy way,
Where every thorn for cheerfulness shall bloom,
And Hope shall chase each goblin from the tomb.

THE PEDIGREE.

AGE did the great Experience take to wife,
Who brought Discretion, comfort of his life ;
Now fair Discretion, though it may seem strange,
Would wed with wrinkled Care, nor wish'd to change :
Indeed, this family agreed together
So well, within 'twas commonly fine weather.

Now in due time did this Discretion bear
The lovely Piety to worthy Care ;
And, to pursue our pedigree, we find
That for Perfection this chaste damsel pined ;
Who, though he never could be met with here,
Wedded our Piety in a higher sphere ;
And from their union 'twas the being grew,
Who on its birth to Heaven an angel flew.

DISCRETION AND WIT.

METHINKS I see Discretion sit,
Calling aloud to truant Wit,
“ Keep by my side.” He nods, and smiles,
But to escape has twenty wiles.
Ay, there he goes, and will not leave
To twitch Importance by the sleeve,
Till he has given such a pull,
As must discover goodman dull :
And now to Vanity he hollows,
In Flattery's tone, and then she follows
Our idle rogue about the town,
Till she has soil'd her fame and gown.

Nay, let **Ambition** take his stride
Ever so rapidly and wide,
Yet in a moment at his side
Is **Wit**, presenting the balloon
To take him home unto the **Moon** ;
Over the bars of **Avarice**
He often hangs up some device.
Where, through the comfortless and cold,
You see a monument of gold ;
When from **Discretion** far away,
With **Mischief** on the ice at play,
Our **Wit**, though so expert an elf,
Hardly contrives to save himself ;
Steps still more dangerous he shall measure,
When round the world he 's led by **Pleasure** ;
Led to embrace one **Vice**, that throng
Appears, by which he 's forced along :
Pleasure (now sought by **Wit** in vain),
Was lost amongst the numerous train
Of **Sorrows** **Vice** must entertain.
Our wretched youth his error learns,
Ere to **Discretion** he returns ;
Which, lest you doubt it, let me mention,
Wit does, through good **Time**'s intervention.

THE ELOPEMENT OF IMPERTINENCE.

GIGANTIC Genius (as that elf,
Impertinence, would call himself)
Was of his Fancy grown so proud,
That with her he would scale a cloud,
Regardless of the great offence
Committed against Common Sense.
When in possession of this vast hill,
They people with their whims, a castle ;
Dreaming by common sense they 're follow'd,
This foe is by our giant swallow'd ;
Who oft with Time has play'd Procrustes,
At length awaken'd by stern Justice,
The guilty pair 'twixt smiles and snarling,
Would from the critic save their darling ;
And need I tell you who she is ?
Who, but the false Hypothesis ?

THE SLUG ON A WASTE NOOK.

By Fortune, a poor blackmoor led
Forth from the fragrant Ivy's bed,
In evil hour, to cross a hill,
The ants were labouring to fill :

Tell us, proud man, a lion by,
 What better for your six-feet high,
 But that a tree you quickly climb,
 And thus preserve each trembling limb?
 Could the slug reach yon dock, its stem
 Is quite accessible to them;
 What can a glossy coat avail,
 Oh! for the beetle's coat of mail;
 And envied those of her own race,
 Who in a house defy the chase.
 " Unhappy wanderer! hostile shore!
 I see the greedy * million pour
 Thee while yet living to devour!"
 Exclaim'd Humanus, while the slug
 He laid up in a corner snug:
 When lo! this but immoral action,
 This stealing for a wretch protection,
 Did in the landlord's breast create
 Disgust, and thus he urged on fate;
 " I know not how they here do harm,
 But always pound them on my farm:"

* Not that we bear ill will to that example of industry, but think, with a wise heathen, that ant hills should not be opened through mere wantonness.

Here, I'm not sure that you do good,
This sarcasm not understood ;
So still the boor his folly hugs,
Who shows her wit by murder'd * slugs.

CLARA AND DISCRETION.

THOUGH Clara, pretty, young, and gay,
Would from Discretion sometimes stray
Through Novelty, 'twas vainly tried
Her steps from Virtue to divide ;
With whom she went till in their view
A region dangerous and new :
But know that hearts to Virtue warm
Possess a certain counter-charm,
Which can the power of Vice disarm ;
And to the innocent, disclose
The vicious with their train of woes.
Clara, from that steep precipice
Which marks the boundary of Vice,

* Humanus did not carry the matter so far as we think — Osborn does, questioning our right to destroy insects that destroy our fruit. Humanus only maintains it to be murder when life was taken which no way annoyed us, or death given for no useful purpose.

'Neath clouds whence bleakest winds were howling,
Beheld a sable ocean rolling :
No music breaks through bands of flowers,
The snake his tiger here devours.
Now, if you for a moral pierce,
'Tis subtlety o'ercomes the fierce ;
One instance to suffice for all,
Sampson through Dalilah must fall.
But to our tale : back Clara flew,
And when at home her breath she drew,
Unconscious 'twas through Virtue's care
She breathed not pestilential air.
But hear Discretion : " Simple thing,
Your fame and wealth at least take wing.
Clara, who did on Virtue dote,
Else had esteem'd Discretion's note ;"
Replied, though with averted head,
Her cheek the blush indignant spread ;
" 'Tis with more pleasure I rejoice
I 'm Virtue's, not through such a voice,"
As must this wretched world obey,
For ever with my friend I 'll stay,
And not forget your hopes were slaves,
Till Truth upon my tomb engraves

“ That reputation flown and pelf,
Clara loved Virtue for herself.”
But here Discretion with a frown
Rejoin’d, “ Poor child, yourself must own,
Despising me as too precise,”
A triumph you afford to Vice :
Clara now number’d in her train,
We grant our votary ’scapes not pain ;
For the discreetest maid must lie
Exposed to Envy’s baleful eye
And slander, but a remedy
Lies in the conscience, that awaits ;
With we were never at the gates
Of Folly, who her shelter lends
To Vice, and shuts on Virtue’s friends :
Clara no longer could rejoice,
That she had scorn’d that warning voice ;
Which, when it is obey’d, secures
From many a woe, which long endures.

THE WOODBINE AND OTHER FLOWERS.

THE MAID'S ANSWER * TO THE TWELFTH FABLE, BY THE ADMIRER
EDWARD MOORE.

How like an oracle you speak,
My friend, declaring woman weak,
Compared with man ; you then direct her
To choose out forthwith a protector.
For what though pride and strength of nerve,
In youth's heigh-day, her turn may serve ;
Yet when maturer—but enable
Me, some kind Muse, to tell my fable.
Near to a parterre we could show,
Stood many an elm amid this row,
Which mock'd a Brobdignag procession,
A honey-suckle took possession ;
From daisies which escaped the plough
Up to where o'er them arched the bough,
Still clinging to the shelt'ring trunk,
For no soft zephyr thence it shrunk :

* Though she might think herself sufficiently assisted by Dr. Gregory, " I know nothing that renders a woman more despicable, than her thinking it essential to her happiness to be married." Those who remain single may join the many generous and respectable characters whose least beneficial hours will find an advocate in the 5th No. of the Rambler.

And when the rude blast, pierced quite through
 The triple * thorn'd, in peace it grew ;
 So blest a union caught the sight
 Of many a philanthropic wight,
 Who knew not which most to admire,
 The generous tree, or its attire.
 A wish that these might never part,
 Romantic wish ! deludes the heart.
 But we too long have left that bed,
 Whence many a beauty sprung, we said :
 Let us behold what here is done,
 Their speaker turning to the sun,
 Began—" Why must your subjects here,
 Expect the changes of the year ?
 Expecting dread ? while yonder flower,
 Who cannot boast superior dower,
 With such high airs attempts to press
 Before us all to happiness."
 But here her eloquence to stint,
 You guess, each seedling took the hint.
 When, " forth the harbinger of spring,
 Came frolicking on yellow wing ;"
 To human sight a new-born fly ;
 Their genius, in the flower's eye

* Triple thorned acacia.



Him every peeping bud essay'd,
Till loud the murmuring they made ;
Because they stood all unprotected,
A prop the prayer; the prayer rejected
By moth, because within their stem,
Sufficient strength is found for them
To engage the most inclement season.
But man appears, and then bold treason,
To him they make a serious matter,
And beg his aid, for rain may patter.
At length the wish'd support's applied,
By one firm knot behold it tied
To many a plant it does not suit;
Here, stalks are cramp'd; there, cleft the root:
And withering tulips who grew faint,
Declared, " 'twas from the odious paint."
So much for sunshine, when a storm
Threatens all nature to deform ;
" Grant that our friends have been unpleasant,
The greater aid we hope at present."
The hail nor small, nor thinly scatter'd,
Upon them beat the sticks, thus batter'd;
While every bloom here met decay,
The wood rose to another day ;



MOONSHINE.

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(Though if you should the truth require,
'Twas but a culinary fire.)
Let's see how fares it with the flower
Of silence, in sedition's hour ;
She, too, had felt the galling load,
By Boreas, blustering boor, bestow'd.
When meekly bowing her fair head,
She kiss'd the desolated bed ;
And thus continued for one night,
In but a miserable plight,
When to such tyranny a stop
Is put by morn, no fancied prop
To hinder, by degrees she rose,
And still the cheerful lily blows.
But, my friend Moore, suppose we even
Give each a stick that 's shaped by Heaven :
Say why ; because yon feeble bine,
Must sink if it could not entwine ;
Without its tree trod into dust,
Those flowers may not to nature trust,
On whom indulgent, she bestows
Sap that can lift the evening rose *.

* The evening primrose, which has a stem, when it is kept to one, some inches in circumference.

THE HEATH.

At length we reach this spacious plain,
Of many a worthless blossom vain,
For here, not as in Auburn's vale,
Coy violets bless the gentle gale,
These flaunt with Phœbus and turn pale ;
Lost their so much esteem'd perfume,
Here withering found, 'mongst furze and broom.
But if we of its surface pare
This heath, what shall we meet with there ?
The dark yet persevering mole,
Or odious grub, that to the soul
Of all desired vegetation
Produces certain ruination.
Another sod shall we unfold,
The grillatalpa to behold :
That sphinx reversed, of frightful jaws,
Though almost humanized her paws ;
Or harmless worm attack'd by ants ;
And should we now examine plants,
Compared with the destructive weed,
How little here of wholesome seed ;

Our world just so decorum'd over,
And this removing, you discover
Much dulness, deep design, and vice,
Mix'd with the blindest prejudice ;
And yet, my friend, in such a place
Men fondly wish to leave their race ;
Leave, where experience says, one day
It may be prey'd upon, or prey.

THE LARK AND MOLE.

A DAME there lived, who loved a bird,
At least, believed so, for absurd,
Investigated were this notion,
Self is the object of devotion ;
However, thus far we may reckon,
Dearer to her this bird than bacon.
For though 'twas prudence would exhort her
To call in puss, the hint was torture ;
Fancy officious, she grew sick,
Or grave at least, and sigh'd, " Poor Dick !"
Mourn'd the sagacity of mice,
Then made her meal on half a slice ;
But now, before you hear our fable,
We beg your leave, as we are able,

To talk a little of this dame,
Who, though below high flying fame,
Could boast, her ancestry had been
Seised of the Grange house on the green ;
Good fortune choosing to retire,
What time the relict of the squire
Took her a child, whom you suppose
Hereafter to housekeeper rose.
At length, when this good lady died,
Her heir returning from his ride *,
Our aged matron held it fit,
At her own fire-side to sit ;
Lest when a modern wife should come,
The hall no longer were a home ;
For one but shy about made-dishes,
Though a shrewd judge 'mongst fowls and fishes.
Behold her now, in cottage small,
Just one mile distant from the hall :
Of custom's tyranny aware,
When seated in her new cane chair,
She don't regret the tent stitch there ;
Nor could mahogany provoke
This feeling, while she polish'd oak ;

* Round Europe.

From envy then she is exempted,
No—see a substitute attempted.
The green-house was to her a loss,
Who, on wet days, when things went cross,
Admired this mint, and t'other balm,
And there would walk till she grew calm.
Within the garden of her cot,
(Some perch beyond the usual lot)
That workshop, lately built by Plane,
For her was suffer'd to remain.
Here then it was, transparent paper,
And the kind influence of a taper,
Preserved those plants a village *Brown*,
Her daughter's suitor once, had sown,
And every myrtle now well grown.
A fop might hold the crime was heinous,
His Patty ne'er compared to Venus :
What if we cannot boast the dove,
Is there a red-breast in our grove,
But o'er his crums shall sing of love ?
And ignorant of such folks as Flaccus,
Tom Trainup never thought of Bacchus.
Yet you may guess he could not fail
To ruminare on Christmas ale :

While o'er the right side of this shed,
The silver ivy's taught to spread;
The left, our most capricious dame,
With pyracanthas would inflame :
Thus imitating of another,
Who one cheek pallid, will the other
(A vulgar error, can you bear it?)
Encrimson with the generous claret.
Our green-house bounding on the park,
Here the good Grannum hung her lark ;
For whom she oft would pick the cherry,
And cry, " Well, Dick, you 're wondrous merry."
Mistaken here again, 'tis thus
The matter you may learn from us ;
That weightier grief lock'd in his breast,
Which is by every parent guess'd,
By warbling something soothed the rest.
" Once could these stiffen'd pinions play
Along the pure aerial way,
Till my glad songs call'd up the day!"
Such lamentations for his themes,
Mere folly to a creature seems,
Who listening from her dreary hole,
You presently conclude a mole ;

Who thus began her pithy speech :
“ Pray is there not within your reach
Great plenty of nice meat and drink ?
You 're somewhat whimsical, I think ;
For having been once in the place
You so regret, I could not trace
Such wonders, happier when I found
Myself again upon the ground.”
Our tuneful Dick disdain'd to say,
How came you there ; but when his lay
Was o'er, in silence eyed his food,
Relapsing to his graver mood.
But lest it should be thought by you
The groveller told a tale untrue,
An urchin, who ne'er read Genlis,
Had with this creature climb'd a tree,
When Fortune, tired of being cross,
Beneath it wove a bed of moss.
Talp's feelings ere she reach'd the swamp,
Bailiffs may tell who dare the camp* ;
Thus shall the man, who has perforce
Been hurried out of nature's course,

* Tossed in a blanket.

To try some intellectual height,
 Nought but confusion to his sight,
 With him remonstrate, who, if there,
 Would feel himself in proper sphere.

THE DIAMOND-HILTED SWORD.

If we the universe could scan,
 What so ridiculous as man*?
 We with the monkey cannot match him,
 So strange his antics, only watch him.
 This minute finds him wasting breath,
 In digging up a tool for death ;
 The next sends to another mine,
 To make the frightful weapon fine ;
 And fate refusing foes to send,
 The sword is tried upon a friend :
 Our subject here we might dismiss,
 But for the Muse who tacks on this

F A B L E.

One gem who 'midst a ruddy flood,
 The miniature of Etna stood,

* Says Boileau and many more.

And like that from its summit blazing,
To shew forth horror all amazing ;
Indignant of a stain so foul,
Thus pour'd the anguish of her soul
Against the Iron :—Ah ! base thing,
What but dishonour couldst thou bring ?

IRON. 'Twas by my power you left the mine.

DIAM. But through my own it is I shine ;
And sure it cannot be disputed,
That I through thee am thus polluted.

IRON. I but for you with peace were found,
With peace embroidering the ground ;
For well you know it was the bulse,
Which beat to war through Rifle's pulse ;
And from thy lustre broke the gleam,
Which drew from Stygian shores a steam
To quench his reason, spoil his rest,
And plunge my point into his breast.

But a good genius comes this way,
Comes thus, to terminate the fray.
This brilliant shall adorn her brow,
Who to the share her bread must owe ;
If of thy polish vain, then go,

At least to murder go no more,
 But henceforth guard thy native shore ;
 Cases enough shall life afford,
 To fit our diamond-hilted sword.
 Apart, how valuable we find
 Those but ridiculous when join'd.

PROFUSION AND COVETOUSNESS.

PROFUSION (whom every one allows to be the son of Folly and parent of Want) no sooner became possessed of an estate which blind Fortune had bestowed upon him, than he employed Covetousness for his steward ; who racked those to whom part of it was let, and improved the remainder to the utmost. But still finding it impossible to satisfy the demands of Profusion, in order to divert his lord's chagrin, he leads him through dangerous by-ways to one of those mountains, the gold of which mingles with the sand of the river Pactolus. When arrived at its summit, they surveyed not only the glittering rocks at their feet, but on all sides a variety of splendid prospects. Truth presents herself to them, though with an aspect far different from that with which she accosts her beloved Innocence : and then it was that Profusion first perceived it possible for him to possess the whole

world without finding contentment. Despair, who is ever watching the steps of the wretched, rushing forth, hurried him to the next precipice, from which he threw away—his life. From the fate of Profusion, Truth endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade Covetousness to spend one moment in repentance; though she convinced him, that without this sacrifice he must hereafter give an eternity to misery.

FLOWER PIECES.

GARDEN AT ARUNDEL CASTLE.

BEFORE a wall of lofty mien,
 Most uniformly clothed in green,
 Are here judiciously display'd,
 Upon a spacious long parade,
 Hollyhock, fennel *, and sunflower,
 To emulate the Prussian's † power.
 The rearward these most stately grace :
 Then larkspur, lychnis, and the race
 Of stocks and lupines find their place ;
 While dwarfs in front a numerous band,
 Over a fine turf ‡ can command,
 The prowling snail full sure as slow,
 And caterpillar tribe, their foe ;
 Who freely will admit the bee
 The interior of these lines to see,

* A sort called giant fennel.

† Frederick William the First had a regiment, in which the lowest stature was nearly seven French feet.

‡ The beauty of such a fine glow of colour, between the green wall and turf, is not to be described.

And of their wealth receive a share
 To hoard, but man shall mar her care ;
 From following him, my muse forbear.
 Long may this host maintain its ground,
 Dispensing odours all around
 That plot, by it made most delightful,
 Where once war triumph'd in the frightful.
 For foreign forces Kew so fitted,
 Perhaps some natives * well omitted ;
 About the roll-calls am not clear,
 None hid as they are marshall'd here.
 Yet 'mongst those strangers lodged with care,
 Some will but this encomium bear ;
 And it is deem'd sufficient plea,
 That these are a variety ;
 The ancient castle and its park †,
 With more there, worthy of remark ;
 Not easily are found again,
 To hope a richer treat were vain.

* We should rather say hardy plants.

† In which we found a stately plant (perhaps the deadly nightshade), with large, bright, and black berries ; but looked in vain for the osmond royal, or flowering fern, which we, in our infancy, understood to be growing in this neighbourhood, which in perfection has been by my daughter sent me from Cornwall.

Whence wreaths prepared by Providence,
 To Pleasure join with Innocence.
 Mark ! no tautology was here * ;
 Thus are those Arundelians dear
 To every one, who finds with me,
 Much merit in this novelty ;
 And works of Indolence or haste,
 Though men endued with attic taste,
 Will surely look awry at ye,
 The million court variety †.

FLORA AND FASHION.

THE votary of Fashion pleased
 Three times, the first, when sarcenets teased ;
 Though in amends, at length she gives
 That wound by which his commerce lives.
 And now arrives the second hour
 Of joy ; that ever welcome power,
 Attending in the dressing room,
 Enlivens Henrietta's bloom ;
 While to mamma she there displays
 The silken fold a thousand ways ;

* As far as we perceived.

† Which they get in titles of books at least.

Impatient for the expected aid
Of Gimp, suppose her gown now made :
Where is the fancy found so dull,
It from our hand requires a pull ;
Nay, even Reynolds paints in vain,
Attempting (conscious of her train)
The air of Hetty's smile and head,
Up the saloon by graces led.
Flora, as fashion reigns to those
Who through a sober time shall lose
Respect for that capricious queen ;
Though many who are kneeling seen
To Flora, in their early youth,
Confess, through due regard for truth,
Far from receiving adoration,
Their goddess now is slave to fashion ;
I here bid Gratitude relate,
From ruminating upon fate,
How Flora calls me up yon hill,
With the aromatic tribe to fill
My hand, then through the furrow'd fields,
Where Sloth to me such harvest yields ;
I from her crop of every hue,
The idols of my hearth renew ;

And where 's the meadow or the wood
That to my taste refuses food ?
Nay, even the tempestuous ocean
To Flora fails not in devotion ;
Nor shall, with churlish thrift, confine
His tribute to the coraline :
Pale poppies, and (without being sick)
One * from that well-known class we pick,
With which the Cambrian oft regales,
Its leaf the lily of the vales ;
And not displeasing to our sight
Its starry clusters, which are white,
Like to the belles, our second pleasure,
In viewing, when at home, this treasure ;
And must the pretty nosegay fade ?
Memory shall conjure up its shade,
In this poor verse, through which those hours,
Else chain'd by spleen, fly wreathed with flowers.

* The sea-garlick or onion ; and we may presume that neither this nor the yellow poppy made part of the nosegay.

ON SEEING MISS — DISPOSE MINUTE FLOWERS.

FINE taste would often clothe a hill,
Fringe round a bank or limpid rill ;
Decoy o'er steeps through tangled shades,
Till we admire it in cascades ;
Sometimes would decollate that wood *,
Which dared obscure the monarch flood,
Or quite removing, leaves a lawn
Where Phœbus smiles upon the fawn,
Which fancies it shall gambols play
With liberty before the day ;
Unconscious of the lurking fence
Which shuts Britannia's goodness hence.
We're told, on meeting with a place
Where all is verdure, (oft the case)
Taste, who to please a friend of hers,
(Variety), is not averse
To even training up the copse
Of short lived elegance from hops,
Exclaims, " Has winter never lost
His sway with you? what more can frost,
Deterring by its hardy boast,

* A wood, not a tree.

The coming spring's long wish'd for hours,
 Than point out plots which should be flowers?"
 'Tis Taste through every grove shall twine
 The fragile vetch, or loftier bine,
 Who, if its honied lip should fail,
 Has strength to wrestle with the gale;
 Then our fastidious dame a treasure
 Possesses in her handmaid leisure,
 A meaner poet might conceive,
 That that great genius, who for Eve
 No less than amaranths could weave.
 Not to a paradise confined,
 'Tis Taste will frolic with the wind.
 At northern hearths, and surely there,
 We caught her with the "noontide air*";
 With which 'mongst flags and fairy ferns,
 To grottos crept fine taste from urns,
 Selects the vivid moss and leaf †
 For admiration; of the sheaf
 Will beg its finery, to dress
 That horn which shall the nations bless:

* "Would ye taste the noontide air." A favourite old song.

† Hounds-tongue grows very beautifully on those inclined urns through which a stream pours in grottos.

This done, she stoops to twenty races,
For these prepared as many vases ;
Thus each small flower asserts its hue,
And at a distance gets the due
Applause, though close to " red and blue *."
What beauty may from fields arise,
Such shading proves to half shut eyes ;
Hence vindicated Nature placed
Next to herself so pure a taste ;
Who as she thus employ'd her leisure,
Finds in this room a field for pleasure.

* Poppy and cornbottles, so called in an early paper of the Rambler.

ON THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE MRS. H.

ON SEEING — WEEP WHEN HIS BROTHER WAS IN DANGER OF
SWALLOWING A BEAD *.

Now we behold a charmer, who
Can't fairly reckon summers two ;
All unseduced by imitation,
Approaching this queen's † situation ;
His play an elder infant leaves,
Runs to his mother's knee and grieves.
Oh ! might my flimsy stuff enwrap
It, until time shall give this drop,
Excelling pearls in Heaven's eye,
To enrich a brother's memory.

ON MISS — BEING AWAKENED BY CANDLELIGHT.

ANNA, when other babes would weep,
Smiles, sweetly smiles, when torn from sleep ;
“ As to the rest she triumphs cheap,”

* Probably one of those mentioned page 20.

† Cleopatra had “ boiled her peas.”

(The hovering sprite of Hayley cries)

“ Who by just opening her eyes

The flaming minister * defies.”

But fear anticipates the time

When beaux accuse me of a crime,

Eclipse the sun and burn my rhyme.

ON MY DEAR FRIEND.

WRITTEN ON A PRESENT OF SCREENS.

THE night when first my friend I saw,

Near † twice twelve years has not effaced ;

I see around her hat of straw

The grassy stripe so fitly placed.

While fondly musing on this dress,

Her screens with real grass I bind,

In memory of that night, you guess,

For then the stars to me were kind.

Though now my mind's eye clearly views

Her virtues, then unknown to me,

The sense material will refuse,

To make my work and wish agree.

* See Shakspeare.

† Near wanting some months

ON THE GREAT ONE.

'Tis said, the illustrious commander,
 Or maniac, yclep'd Alexander,
 Bereft of his friend, brutes were shorn,
 And every wall condemn'd to mourn;
 But mine a higher strain shall be,
 I' the ides of March deprived of thee;
 In vain shall Phoebus court the earth,
 To bring forth sweets, of these a dearth
 I'll cause, and fill with fetid heads,
 To Somnus sacred, all my beds:
 Met but by these, midsummer's dew
 Shall drop a bitter tear for you.

WHEN SHE WAS PESSIVE.

It well becomes thee to be sad,
 Through whom so many hearts are bad;
 As how, is quickly understood*.
 If there can be but so much good
 On earth, we certainly shall dare
 To say, you've many a neighbour's share.

* See Soame Jenyns.

WITH thee I have the mountain cross'd,
Upon the foamy wave been toss'd ;
Have seen subdued stern winter's sway,
By more than thrice twelve queens * of May ;
With only thee have dragg'd whole years,
Made heavy by a load of fears.
And though the giddy may admire,
Of thee, my friend, I never tire.
Time, who joins hearts as well as bricks,
'Tis true amongst his various tricks,
That which cemented from them picks ;
But 'twixt our hearts love has so long
Remain'd through time their unions strong.

THESE † by descent possess my love,
But you to me are treasure trove ;
And should we look this world around,
How few have such a treasure found.

* 1832. Now in the 40th year.

† Children.

THE GARDEN.

GARDEN.

WHILE — round her garden walks,
 'Tis with herself she often talks ;
 Of what, if any wish to see,
 Such only have to follow me
 Over these sometime snowy plains,
 Which now this inky stream distains.

THE ACONITE,

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

COME, come, my friend, it does not snow,
 Come run with me to see the show ;
 'Tis from the baleful aconite,
 I now can promise you delight.
 The crocus and most others spear
 Against a season less severe ;
 But this leaf opening under ground,
 The frost for many a week has bound,
 Proves Nature's haste to show her power
 To the new year in this weak flower,

And that she won't be always dizening,
But has a pretty taste for poisoning.

THE SNOWSWEEPERS.

DEAR boys, shall I your kind intention balk,
Who with a far superior joy must walk,
Where filial Piety has run before,
Though she the garb of childish pleasure wore?
Anticipating thus the solar ray,
As for my steps you now prepare the way;
So before yours, through life's full arduous race,
May we perceive there went the hand of grace.
The year's old age, methinks, should make us wise,
At least we are compell'd to moralize;
While Nature shows us by her wither'd face,
That the terrestrial beauty fades apace.
To meet the threat'ning cloud, it well may scorn,
Yon leafless spray directs its ebon thorn;
No harbour there for the insidious flake,
Which with the breeze a farther flight must take;
Snowy with blossoms in some distant spring,
That the first shelter for the brooding wing:
But to the foliage of this bay descends
That dazzling load, on which the gust depends
For much assistance, while the branch it rends.

Thus misers, forced with useless wealth to part,
 Are at that moment wounded to the heart :
 A virtuous Poverty here fears no crush,
 Virtue, hereafter, triumphs like the bush.
 But by this time your chestnuts may require
 Another turn, let us then from the fire,
 With gratitude, yon winter-piece admire.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREENS.

How well it with a vulgar prudence suits,
 To drop your glory to preserve your roots ;
 At least, it is no common storm destroys 'em,
 These evergreens, though each rude breath annoys 'em.

THE PREMATURE CROCUS.

WHILE — village clock struck one,
 'Twas to a crocus said :
 " I from my window court the sun,
 You woo him to your bed.
 " That bed where lately 'midst the snow,
 You seem'd a scrap of straw ;
 Blown from this roof, yet still might glow,
 Would there but come a thaw.

“ Ere long the silent shower descends,
The rime now crackling flies ;
But here your woes nor mine must end,
For then those fogs arise,

“ Which last, till without power to blow,
The earth by you is press'd ;
While round thee fallen buds shall grow,
Those buds by Flora bless'd.

“ Who safe within their sheath shall keep
Them, till the season kind ;
When with security they peep,
No more the winter's wind.”

Thus pinching poverty o'ercome
By industry or care,
Upon poor brother Lubin's tomb
The ruddy urchins stare.

ON THE COLCHICUM.

HERE Nature plays at hocus pocus,
'Tis first a tulip, then a crocus.

THE DWARF ALMOND.

I CRY, as Celia, in a pensive mood,
 Turns from the almond's now expanding bud * ;
 So some fond mother 's hardly reconciled
 To lose in womanhood a lovely child.

THINNING SEEDLINGS.

MEN, whom we find in cities pent,
 Though seldom tall, are often bent ;
 When one who does not understand
 Good husbandry, with lavish hand
 Bestows his grain, th' oppressed earth
 To but a sickly crop gives birth :
 So closely Nature's wond'rous law
 Together can her kingdoms draw ;
 When half these seedlings are thrown by,
 What but a death to them am I ?

THE PERENNIAL LUPINE.

MAY.

FOR me no rich carnations glow,
 Nor costly tulips here may grow ;

* The bud is more beautiful than the flower, at least in the opinion of some people.

Yet 'mongst those plants that mark my way,
 Brought hither by the early May,
 Behold young lupines, and in them
 It is, I boast a hoard of gem ;
 For just enough each palm is spread,
 To save the dew-drop from the bed ;
 And here it rests secure from stain,
 Till Phœbus sips it up again.
 Now Fancy (for thus far is true),
 Says, for preserving this famed dew,
 Though Sol will not exert his power
 To paint with gaudy tints the flower,
 Those leaves which scarcely pass'd life's porch
 Served him so well, no beam shall scorch ;
 And in the mildew of the year,
 The lupine healthy shall appear :—
 Thus shall a pious youth engage
 The blessing of a cheerful age.

ON SEEING A HALF-BLOWN PEONY,

WHICH WAS PERISHING IN A KITCHEN GARDEN, AND RECOLLECTING
 THOSE WHICH GREW AT THE FOOT OF VARIEGATED HOLLIES AT
 HAMPTON COURT.

BENEATH the pressure of an envious rain,
 This crimson peony sinks, not on the plain,

But amongst culverts, death, and dire disgrace,
 Gives here a pity hint on time and place :
 At once of life and glory too despoil'd,
 Thus the sweet May bewail'd her noblest child ;
 " Hadst thou, unequal'd but ill-fated flower,
 Blush'd to adorn proud Hampton's golden bower,
 To your full scope if there forbid to spread,
 Yet at the feet of princes you were shed."
 Thus Wolsey, though he liv'd not to be crown'd *,
 Resign'd his breath on consecrated ground.

THE TURNCAP, LILY, AND EVERGREENS.

PART of this tale receive as fact,
 To which the fabulous is tack'd ;
 Just as we honest broad-cloth find
 With cloth of meaner texture lined.
 Between a laurel and a holly,
 Which berryless, look'd melancholy,
 A stalk arose, until it stood
 Beneath a cap, whose red so good,
 That though no Romish † name it bore,
 Young Agnes would this flower adore,

* With a triple crown.

† St. Bruno's lily, cardinal flower, &c.

And cry, "Your beauties brighter glow,"
Thus placed, while glancing at the row.
The holly, who affronts wont bear,
Its thorn directed at the fair,
With "I, who in the dreary day,
Have made your house, nay, temple gay:
When this so flatter'd, to be short,
When this, and all like this you court,
Have sculk'd for some months under ground,
'Tis then I shed delight around."
"And," says the laurel, "to your feast
I bring the richness of the east;
Beside uniting with my peer,
To veil the horrors of your year:
Yet for this fragile blossom scorn'd
For that 'tis transient, ye are warn'd,
Though such complexions you espouse,
The bird of wisdom loves our house:
While those are butterflies at best,
Who can on gaudy lilies rest."
Down to a hall which long had stood,
To see new follies fell its wood,
Leaving for future time their mark
By thus disfiguring its park,

The courtier drives, the million dote,
And to this hour trust their vote :
“ If Allworthy has clothed and fed,
The colonel bares to us his head.”
But here comparison must break
The source of all his pride so weak ;
Not as our martagon, again
This red-coat dazzles Greensted's plain.

THE PUFF BALL.

LET those who are not doom'd to try
This puff ball, praise it, but not I :
Who of my catechist should learn
At such another ball to spurn ;
Which shall, 'tis true, look smooth and fair,
But for the good pretended there ;
Stoop very low indeed we must,
When all within it turns to dust.

CREEPING MOUSE-EAR.

NATURE 's entitled to our thanks,
For her variety of pranks ;
That pretty plant in yonder bed
Is white as snow, is often said ;

Until its whiter flowers appear :
Methinks 'tis thus some fop we hear,
With dimpled cheek and wandering eye,
To the attentive * Hebe cry :
“ I bow'd to as the fairest earth,
This hand till now when praised be mirth ;
Who did your slave's mistake disclose,
To him revealing pearly rows ;
That might enrich the orient coast,
But for your smile (Mirth's greatest boast),
Within their perfumed casket lost.”
Thus coxcombs who would gain a chit,
May win her by her grandsire's wit.

PEAS STUCK TOO LATE.

HERE stand the many sticks and strong,
Whose help has been delay'd too long ;
How vain now every effort 's found,
To lift this pea-halm from the ground ;
A place so odious to your peas,
Rather they cling to sticks like these.
We recollect when skimming o'er
The life of Madame Pompadour,

* To his words.

She lent her arm but just in time
 To save from death the man of rhyme,
 Whose soul to dire despair surrender'd,
 Its old companion thenceforth tender'd,
 With the composure of a Brachmin,
 To the insatiate jaw of famine.
 Oh! Charles, what can we say for thee,
 (A wit *sans doute*) when wits we see,
 By famine hurried to that grave,
 From which your mistress * did not save;
 Who in this view, at least, look'd dark
 To her who ruled the *Grand Monarque*.

ON A RED ROSE.

THE STEM OF WHICH WAS PERFECTLY CONCEALED IN A HOLLY-BUSH,
 OUT OF WHICH THE FLOWER PEEPED AT THE HEIGHT OF SIX FEET
 FROM THE GROUND.

Yes, flaunting flower, we scent your story,
 How 'twas you reach'd this pitch of glory;
 Scorning who by their parents stay,
 You through old night, who would o'erlay
 A shoot less vigorous, met the day,

* A friend observing that Charles's mistress might not know of
 starving poets, we beg pardon if we have blackened her.

From whom you must have stolen the power
To look down on his favourite flower*.
The lofty convent by its gloom
To low ambition seems a tomb ;
As heads which seek a shelter there,
Scatter 'fore heaven the pride of hair ;
Which most contemptible is grown,
To those expecting there a crown ;
Yet may the aching eye and joint,
The girdle arm'd with many a point,
To no more holiness give scope
Than is required to make a pope †.
We dream of red hats, while our foes
Cry out, what 's all this to the rose ?
But who is there that won't with me
Exclaim, oh ! here it is, we see ?
As the historic page displays,
How through unnatural and by-ways,
The wily Lancaster could work,
To raise his house 'bove that of York.
Like thee, no risk could him appal,
And we foretel like it you 'll fall.

* The sun-flower.

† No doubt there has been many a pope truly Pope *Pious*.

Say from that ruin which you tempt,
Vain flower, what is there to exempt?
Thee, thus conspicuous, that pert boy
Who robs our garden, shall destroy :
For your superior glow, this thorn *
Is braved by saunterers in the morn :
Or Jane, while it tolls twelve at night,
Snatches for her midsummer's rite ;
Poor girl, with superstition big,
No sooner she begins to dig,
Than frighten'd by the pallid ghost
Of coz, who in her love was crost ;
By Gay's this rose taught to complain,
Breathes forth, " Why this ungrateful strain?
When just as easily 'twere said,
Here we behold some pious maid,
Above the wounding envy rise,
Terrestrial glory scorn'd, her eyes,
Through sympathy, turned to the skies,
Their beauties veil'd from us by light,
An angel this to mortal sight."
We stand reprov'd, and to this plant
That safety in our power we grant ;

* The holly.

Which from her danger makes deductions,
Who gives good counsel on constructions.

THE NASTURTIUM AND APPLE TREE.

Is this the once gay flower which was led
To adorn this tree? Yes, when the tree was dead,
(Though brighter beams on the nasturtium shed,)
It turn'd quite pale, stretching those frosts to meet,
Through which it clings, though but a winding sheet.

TO MR. PLANT.

LET us, as thee we saunter through,
Find her resemblance, loved by you ;
'Tis in this flower fair, as small
We have her features, though too tall ;
This stem, so perfectly genteel,
Her form 'twill otherwise reveal ;
And then (it is with grief we speak),
Just like her health by being weak ;
While in its pliancy, we find
That gentleness which gives her mind,
Whose manners were we to complete,
Its earliest blossom not so sweet ;
There foliage grave, and pleasant too,
May of her humour paint the hue ;

The *tout ensemble* can express
 Our lovely favourite's air and dress :
 Says Damon, willingly I grant
 That in your jasmine lives my plant * ;
 But should this picture raise a blush,
 Zephyr must help us from yon bush.

THE BEE AND THE AMERICAN SUN-FLOWER.

OCTOBER.

At length the bee had almost climb'd a flower,
 Already was preparing to devour,
 Thus far an insect's will outflaw its power ;
 When by a peevish fortune being tost
 Upon a frozen thistle, he was lost ;
 Thus fell great Raleigh, prematurely cold,
 By James encounter'd from his hills of gold.

IN OCTOBER.

PENSIVE you lean upon our garden gate,
 To in yon cherry's view the beauty's fate ;
 Once a pale blossom, then what tempting red,
 Now a streak'd yellow, and to-morrow dead.

* I could not deny myself the pleasure of inserting this little sketch, though I lament its being conveyed in so poor a vehicle as a pun.

THE ELM IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

PRIDE can be useful, but by pride misplaced
Virtue is hurt, and pride itself disgraced ;
Though now umbrageous but to kill each flower,
This elm with care had arch'd the woodbine bower ;
Or if t'extend its vigorous arms design'd,
Then on the lawn we should by wisdom find
It set, to guard this parterre from the wind.

FRUIT STOLEN.

THE sweets to enclose
Of yonder rose,
Nature gives moss and thorn ;
But to its eye
The humble fly
Comes ravaging in scorn.

Thus though the rich
With hedge and ditch
Art fences round about,
The poor shall scale
His highest pale,
And carry treasure out.

THE SUNDAY

How very serious the reflection
 That shows in words disguise in action:
 That in these black and ~~morning~~ things
 Are veil'd and hid by their wings.

THE STANDARD APPEAL

Though it is heavy ~~weight~~
 That her lesser spoils half a meal,
 The merchant's infamy too mean,
 In any way ~~restores~~ the scene:
 Yet nature's richest gifts are shed
 Upon this unsupported head:
 To which your connoisseurs direct
 Their slaves for ~~artistic~~ respect:
 While Ignorance his long way
 Picks to where art her tricks shall play:
 By a fine polish to ~~lift~~ ye
 From ——— to the wash of Dirty.

* The idea (which we do not claim) seems good, but it hurts one to place this gay and innocent creature in so disagreeable a light,—harmless we should say, for only man can be guilty.

† A famous city fruiterer.

Appearance is that common cheat
Through whom we disappointment meet ;
Yet in a world like this, we must
To an external sometimes trust.

THE CRUMPLING.

THE appetite of youth so good,
Why stays he then to cull his food ?
For in those sun-shine days, when we
Are capering to the codling tree,
The cheek of health our taste don't suit,
Turn'd over is the fair round fruit
To that sophisticater, Dumpling,
While we are pocketing the crumpling :
Just so, when we begin to read,
The " unvarnish'd tale " shall not succeed ;
But who that volume can resist,
Where Fancy does from Nature twist ?

THE CHESTNUT-TREE.

TAKE my advice, dear little friend ;
Those spirits hoard till Heaven shall send
The hour in which you well may spend ;

For know around some powder'd head
The farinaceous nut was shed
By yonder prodigal, who grieves,
He now to want can give but leaves.

ON MY SON SENDING ME THE FLOWER OF A MID-
NIGHT CEREUS IN HIS WINTER GLOVES.

DEAR boy, to wave the satisfaction
Felt from your motive to the action,
We grant the flower which you sent
Might to a florist give content ;
But in that glove which kept you warm
It is I find the strongest charm.
Here on the pressure of your fingers,
Imagination fondly lingers.
A challenge, far from scorn'd, this glove
Is hoarded by maternal love.

ON MY DAUGHTER BRINGING FLOWERS TO MY
PILLOW.

How fair a sign, indulgent powers !
The virgin strews my couch with flowers ;

But how my friend shall I persuade
Yon poppies here by chance were laid ;
Or that the damsel had not chose
This catchfly to express the rose :
That rose herself ten summers old,
(If more, her age had not been told) ;
No heart's ease—just as if, dear brat,
She knew her fondness gave me that.

THE IRIS.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

WELL, since Mirth's run away *,
Upon this dismal day,
Let me sit down to brag
With my favourite flag ;
Not the peony's seed red,
Near yon lavender bed ;
That big bladder so bright,
Which a cherry we write ;
Nor those asters in bloom
Can enliven the gloom ;
Like this flag with new leaves,
Which grow far less like sheaves,

* At school.

Than like fans. From its pods
 Fruit is pour'd to tempt gods ;
 Though the silly birds skip
 This, for holly and hip ;
 And when all things were gay,
 Mark the iris in gray ;
 From which this is most clear,
 That she wisely gave ear
 To what you have just read *,
 Which I anxiously said
 To my dear little miss,
 For the rhyme's sake, yes, yes ;
 It owes much more than that,
 For its fibbing in brat.

TO A CYPRESS,

WHICH GREW RAPIDLY, BUT WITH WEAK BRANCHES.

FRIEND cypress, why do you grow so fast ?
 Good mistress, I make so much haste
 To grow, that I may bud and bloom
 In time to ornament your tomb :
 To Curiosity's relief
 When going, overtook by Grief.

* See chestnut-tree.

ON MY SON —, AT —.

DEAR boy, while with your vital heat,
Hoping to warm my clay-cold feet,
Though there disease mocks every art,
You breathe new life into my heart.

MY CHILDREN,

IN this little room,
That's low and narrow as a tomb,
This room which has for ages stood,
And which now stands within a wood,
Where (envied not the boasted gift*
Enjoy'd by Chesterfield and Swift)
We have on many a wintry day
Laugh'd those most precious hours away;
Begun by hugs and how d' ye do's;
"And well, and what said Mr. H——s?
* * * * *
"Come, let us choose your Sunday coat."
"This penknife cost me but a groat."

[A boy speaks.]

* Gravity of countenance.

" Embroidery finish'd!" all surprise.
 " Were not you bid to spare your eyes?"
 But now behold, young men come down
 To tell me all about the town ;
 How great the changes they can tell
 About a place I knew so well ;
 And then we chat o'er Guernsey's primate,
 Police, and most delightful climate ;
 For there the peasant treads on roses *,
 And gents train cranes-bills o'er their houses :
 Or every child partakes the crime †
 Of helping me to mend a rhyme.
 On these scenes pondering in this room,
 Which is so very like a tomb,
 I see that day when on each other
 You look, and recollect

Your Mother.

RECOVERING FROM A SLIGHT ILLNESS.

BUT a few suns ere you are well,
 A rush this time the rod that fell,

* There is a trailing kind in that island.

† In the eye of the worldlies.

By which corrected, don't provoke
That mercy of a heavier stroke.
Now a far heavier stroke 's * arrived,
By it of sleep you 're not deprived ;
And though of smaller gifts bereft,
Be thankful for the many left.

THE INVALID'S DESIRE.

MAY that Omniscient Power, which can bear
This fabric o'er the ambush of the year,
While Caledonia's youth shall swell the scroll
Of lapsed mortality, support my soul,
So that I stoop not this vain world to please,
Late in the day through eagerness for ease ;
Nor to accept morality, her friend,
For the first duty whom she must attend ;
When every care and grief shall vanquish'd lie,
(Religion their most potent enemy) ;
Or opening to us blessed realms of light,
We of despair's dark mansion 'scape the sight.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

FRESH as the morning's earliest hours,
Our village children peep for flowers ;


* See Sywell wood.

Though cruel winter nipp'd away,
 Till plots grew black that once were gay;
 Your baskets I can fill with roses,
 And this *, how fit for bridal posies ;
 The myrtles not so fair a bloom,
 Nor better furnish'd with perfume :
 Pink peonies we're not without,
 To deck the foreman of your rout.
 Hark ! now the sheep-shearing is done,
 And thus, methinks, my shroud begun.

ON — S GRAVE.

HERE 'tis a stranger begs her narrow bed,
 A weary pilgrim leave to rest her head.
 Sure to her grave the bramble you may spare,
 Who discord's court essay'd with grief and care ;
 But let yon sunny bank a turf supply,
 So may some friend (perhaps with tearful eye)
 Applaud the violet, fragrant o'er the clay
 Of her who found few roses in her way.

* Creeping mouse-ear.



N O T E S.

Note 1, page 6, line 16.

THE SPORTSMAN.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should persecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence ; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some measure inherent in the nature of man,

* * * * *

the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, (than bull-baiting, prize-fighting, and executions) ; and to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports, they arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumphs see them plunge them into each others hearts ; they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers ; they see with

joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety ; they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook, fixed to and tearing out his entrails ; and to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expense to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their persecution. What name should we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind ? whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other ? Whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent ? who without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with the utmost care to preserve their lives and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned ? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being ? yet, if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a Sportsman. *Soame Jenyns*, vol. iii. page 191.

Note 2, page 16, line 13.

Thither he goes to only hear the bell, &c.

“ The bells used in the monasteries were sometimes rung with brass ropes, with silver rings at the ends for the hand; they were anciently rung by the priests themselves, and afterwards by the servants.

“ 1st. The bell must be first baptized before it may be hung in the steeple.

“ 2nd. The bell must be baptized by a bishop or his deputy.

“ 3rd. In the baptism of the bell there is used holy water, oil, salt, and cream.

“ 4th. The bell must have godfathers, and they must be persons of high rank.

“ 5th. The bell must be washed by the hand of the bishop.

“ 6th. The bell must be solemnly crossed by the bishop.

“ 7th. The bell must be anointed by the bishop.

“ 8th. The bell must be washed and anointed in the name of the Trinity.

“ 9th. At the baptism of the bell, they pray literally for the bell.”—*History and Antiquities of Kensington*, pp. 305, 306.

Note 3, page 17, lines 8 and 9.

. . . . *such bloom and features*

Might place her amongst charming creatures.

The writer does not feel any compunction for having sometimes introduced the *charms* of her young friends, having from observation been obliged to differ from Dr. J., if he means that the mother of Bellaria was the wiser for concealing the truth from her child, to whom she need but have inculcated that it is a most despicable woman who could sit down contented with the admiration paid to a statue or a picture, and consequently never gain the esteem of those men

whom only it was a triumph to captivate. It is true Bellaria does not even possess sense enough to perceive that most places of amusement will to her be such no longer than the reign of youth and beauty ; yet, surely, *every* girl will be less liable to intoxication, when from having been accustomed to hear the *truth*, she receives such praise as her due, than when both gratitude and novelty join to assist the language of her admirers. Indeed, this silly creature is well represented, when giving that invidious turn with which the letter concludes to the pious fraud of her relations. *Rambler*, No. 191.

Note 4, page 21, line 7.

'Tis Nature helps when showy dresses, &c.

Adopting the vulgar prejudice. We were from the Hotel Rignolle, Calais, directed to 21, Rue Louis le Grand, Paris, where Mlle. Labouré, though very young, was extremely careful of us ; and her relation Bocquet, proprietor of the Hotel de l'Ecu de France, at Beauvais, was very civil. At Aira, a postilion returned the six francs which we had overpaid.

Note 5, page 25, line 22.

These more substantial food than raps.

There is in the Tatler, No. 105, a burlesque on this subject.—“ A new inventor of knockers gave me a complete set of knocks, from the solitary rap of the dun and beggar, to the thundering of the saucy footman of quality, with several flourishings and rattlings, never yet performed. He likewise played over some private notes, distinguishing the familiar friend or relation from the modish visitor ; and directing when the reserve candles are to be lighted.”

Note 6, page 27, line 2.

Our "Gentle Shepherd," — throws at cocks, &c.

Cock-fighting, though a barbarous sport, is much encouraged; till within a few years there was a cockpit royal in St. James's Park, but as the ground belonged to Christ's Hospital, that body would not renew the lease for a building devoted to cruelty.

Note 7, page 34, line 14.

When in the churchyard forced to play.

It was, indeed, playing in the churchyard when Johnstone sung "Out of old Toby, I made this brown jug."

If there ever was spirit in the above, having proceeded thus far in preserving it for our grandchildren, when, lo! hearing Macklin's age, Johnstone may be singing, and such jugs still in fashion.

To see the man a century old,
 Had been a wish of thine:
 To-day you hear that Macklin lived
 To one hundred years and nine;
 By him no nearer to thy wish,
 His age not being more,
 When you beheld him play *his* plays,
 Than something past fourscore.

Note 8, page 46, line 14.

The wretched bard of James's days.

One of these, Joshua Sylvester, translated the Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas, out of French into English, dedicating

it in verse to King James. It is a curious specimen of the writing of those days ; for instance,—

JAMES STUART, A JUST MASTER.

AN ANAGRAM.

For a just master have I labour'd long,
 To a just master have I vow'd my best ;
 By a just master should I take no wrong,
 With a just master would my life be bless'd.
 In a just master are all virtues met,
 From a just master flows abundant grace ;
 But a just master is so hard to get,
 That a just master seems of Phoenix race ;
 Yet a just master have I found in fine,
 Of a just master if you question this,
 Whom a just master I so full define,
 My liege, James Stuart, a just master is ;
 And a just master could my work deserve,
 Such a just master would I justly serve.
 Voy Sire Saluste.

There are, I think, sixteen complimentary copies of verses to Sylvester (some in Latin, with collegiate dates) ; among which is the following from Ben Jonson :—

TO MR. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

EPIGRAM.

If to admire were to commend, my praise
 Might then both thee, thy work, and merit raise ;

But as it is (the Child of Ignorance
 And utter stranger to all air of France)
 How can I speak of thy great pains but err,
 Since they can only judge that can confer.
 Behold the reverend shade of *Bartas* stands
 Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
 That to the world I publish for him this ;
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his,
 So well in that are his inventions wrought,
 As his will now be the translation thought ;
 Thine the original, and France shall boast
 No more those maiden glories she has lost.

B. JONSON.

And it appears to have gone through four editions ; but, alas ! after all these encomiums on author and translator, we have this observation in *Boileau's Art of Poetry*, as made English by *Sir William Soames*, and revised by *Dryden*.

“ Thus in times past *Du Bartas* vainly writ,
 Alloying sacred truth with trifling wit ;
 Impertinently and without delight
 Described the *Israelites'* triumphant flight ;
 And following *Moses* o'er the sandy plain,
 Perish'd with *Pharaoh* in the Arabian main.”

'There is more to the same purpose in this piece, yet in *James the First's* days lived *Fairfax* and *Ben Jonson*. But *Dryden* says, “ *Ben Jonson* was full of clenches, especially in *Every Man in his Humour* ; and what is worst, the wittiest persons in the drama speak them ; his other comedies are not exempt from them.” He adds, “ This was then the mode of wit, the vice of the age, and not of *Ben Jonson*. For you see

a little before him that admirable wit, Sir Philip Sydney, perpetually playing on his words."

Note 9, page 47, line 19.

Yet to a king who wrote on witches, &c.

It appears from a certain author, that James was supposed to have restrained himself from the denial of any such operations as witchcraft, out of regard to church and state, when he went so far as to charge the judges to be circumspect in condemning those committed by ignorant justices for diabolical compacts. He did also take the trouble himself to confute a boy, who pretended to be bewitched. Yet it is hard to reconcile this with poor Raleigh's account, who, while paying all court to James, always supposes him to believe in them, as appears from these passages in Sir W. Raleigh's History of the World: "And it is also right which his majesty avoweth, that under the name of magic all other unlawful arts are comprehended, and yet doth his majesty distinguish it from necromancy, witchcraft, and the rest, of all which he has written largely and most learnedly; for the magic which his majesty condemneth, is of that kind whereof the devil is party." Again, "That witches are also rightly called Venefici, or poisoners, and that there is indeed a kind of Malefici, which, without any art of magic or necromancy, are the helps of the devil to do mischief, his majesty confirmeth in the first chapter of the second book; speaking also in the fifth of their practice here, he adds preparations by the devil, and the old story of wax and clay images again. The difference between necromancers and witches his majesty has excellently taught in a word, that the one in a sort command, the other obey the devil." After all, the reader must give what credit he can to this king's belief in witches, and what allowance he can for his tolerating trials for witchcraft and necromancy.

Note 10, page 50, line 1.

TASSO CONTRASTED WITH VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire, at the age of eighty-four, passed whole nights in correcting his tragedy of Irene. When a man told him of its success, he was in bed, caught the person in his arms, and rolled over him, and in the height of agitation said, "Have I the happiness to please the public as much in my old age as I pleased it in my youth?" Two months before his death Voltaire was crowned at the theatre, where he received the honour of a kind of apotheosis. Just before the rising of the curtain, Briseau, the oldest of the actors, accompanied by his brethren, came into the box of Voltaire, and placed on his head a laurel crown. The poet, transported, took off the crown, exclaiming with a kind of astonishment, "What, will you overwhelm me, kill me, with an excess of glory!" The tragedy of Irene was afterwards acted; and at the conclusion of the piece, the statue of Voltaire was exhibited on the stage, surrounded by the actors and actresses, who each placed upon it a laurel crown.

Note 11, page 58, line 7.

Some spars at least were known to shine, &c.

But we are told there cannot be spars; diamonds or dirt only can be found about the Pierian spring. Were Hume orthodox, his opinion might be some comfort to scribblers; but I fear the world will rather vote for a good thrasher than a bad poet. "Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who obtains but mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those who excel most in the common and vulgar professions." *Hume*, vol. vi. p. 197.

Note 12, page 60, line 4.

Whom we discover'd 'mongst mankind.

Though it is Erasmus who tells us, that the whole proceedings of the world are nothing but one continued scene of folly, *all* the actors being equally fools and madmen; and, therefore, if any be so pragmatically wise as to be singular, he must even turn a second Timon, or man hater, and retiring into "some unfrequented desert, become a recluse from all mankind." We need not point out the exaggeration of that truth, thus happily expressed by Dr. Blair in his sermon:—"My brother, if you can bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, withdraw yourself from the world, you are no longer fit to live in it; leave the intercourse of men: the careless and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the interested, every where meet us."—*Sermon on Patience.*

Note 13, page 65, line 11.

By Mancha's knight much mischief done, &c.

Having just now again dipped into his adventures, I am tempted, by meeting with this allusion, to make the following quotations and remarks. "He (Antonio) began to contrive means for extracting diversion from the madness of his guest without prejudice to his person; for those are no jests that give pain, nor is that pastime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow creature." Vol. iv. p. 21. "Cid Hamet looked upon the jokers to be as mad as those that were joked, and the duke and duchess to be within two fingers breadth of lunacy, seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen." Vol. iv. page 238. *Smollett's edition.* We have much wished, especially as Don

Quixote will always fall into the hands of youth, to substitute for every breach of the third commandment some innocent and droll exclamation; to erase many exceptionable lines; and to divest of cruelty schemes which would then afford amusement to the humane reader. As the exquisite humour of Cervantes need not suffer by these alterations, we cannot think but such a work would be lucrative as well as laudable. We are uncertain from our very limited knowledge of modern publications, whether this may not have been long since executed. Have just read praise for this writer's delicacy—the *original*, perhaps, might deserve this character.

Note 14, page 67, line 12.

Here Norris lies, who lost his head, &c.

Norris had been much in the king's favour, and an offer of life was made to him, if he would confess his crime, and accuse the queen; but he generously rejected the proposal, and said, That in his conscience he believed her entirely guiltless; for his part he could accuse her of nothing; and he would rather die a thousand deaths than calumniate an innocent person.—*Hume*, vol. iv. p. 158.

Note 15, page 70, line 13.

How thick that veil, &c.

As impenetrable as was that of Demetrius, when he recalled Suisky from embarking on the ocean of eternity, pardoning him when on his knees expecting the fatal stroke, by whom (the emperor being soon after dethroned and slain, in consequence of the insurrection) he was succeeded in the empire. *Russian History*, 1605.

Note 16, page 78, line 14.

Its wealth destroyed, &c.

But it being ten days after the surrender to Cromwell before its destruction was accomplished, during that time, two of the vanquished lay concealed between walls which were built up for that purpose by the royalists, who left them food for one month ; these being two out of the six designed a sacrifice to the memory of Rainsborough, who could not escape in those sallies of the besieged, permitted by the generosity of Lambert, in which some of them fell while endeavouring to deliver their companions.

Note 17, page 86, line 7.

READING OF ANCIENT MANNERS.

We find in Alexander's History of Women, that those of the highest rank were not exempt from attending on the flocks, drawing water for them, or any office such employment required. And that Andromache, who with her needle pictured the fall of the hero of her country, was not ashamed to feed and take care of his horses. And again, " even those of the first quality were not ashamed to perform the office of a washer-woman." Vol. i. p. 105.

Note 18, page 92, line 6.

Bless'd be the hour when thou, great man, &c.

A great man, as I suppose Dr. Johnson *now* to be, even with the million, finding him styled its idol in a certain writer. I am happy our taste has improved since the following remark of a celebrated author : " But that superiority which attracts the reverence of the few, excites the envy and the hatred of the many ; and while his works are translated and admired abroad, and patronized at home, by those who are most distinguished in genius, taste, and learning, himself

is abused and his friends are insulted for his sake, by those who never read his writings, or if they did, could neither taste nor comprehend them." *Brown's Estimate*, p. 42.

Note 19, page 110, line 17.

Above most patriotic men, &c.

Yes, above the sufferer, whose profession was arms, and who upon receiving a stroke that was sure to immortalize him, is thus celebrated by the author of the *Age of Louis the Fourteenth*. "It cannot be too often related, that the same ball which killed him (Turenne) took off the arm of St. Hiliare, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son shedding tears near him. 'It is not for me,' said St. Hiliare, 'it is for this great man you should weep.' Words comparable to any thing that history has consecrated as heroic, and the most worthy eulogium of Turenne."

Note 20, page 114, line 15.

DUCHESS OF MAZARINE.

She was asked in marriage by Charles the Second, and is said, in the wealth of her uncle the cardinal, to have possessed more than the portions of all the cotemporary queens of Europe put together. After the abdication of her friend James the Second, whose consort was her countrywoman, the enemies of the duchess reproached her for accepting the benevolent assistance of King William.

Note 21, page 133, line 10.

Those who admire our climate, &c.

Charles II. thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without

trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, or the most hours of the day ; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe.—*Temple's Gardens of Epicurus.*

Note 22, page 167, line 7.

Wrote ethics Wisdom can't refuse.

As, indeed, so wise a man could not expect happiness from any thing less than a good conscience, and though an inferior degree of intellect may flatter us with some comforts from riches, those must be young indeed, who place their hopes of felicity on the breath of the multitude. We see, accordingly, that madness or despair has succeeded to the disappointed vanity of some *juvenile* poets, while the great critic, in his never-enough admired preface to Shakspeare, among some excellent remarks on the futility of the most exalted human pursuits, has in the following words taught us the value to be set upon the art of criticism: "I cannot promise the ignorant that they will become, in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser."

Note 23, page 174, line 17.

We'll say wherever she is mute.

God is in every creature ; be cruel towards none ; neither abuse any by intemperance, says Bishop Taylor. And a wise heathen, after giving the same advice, goes on to blame men for delighting in the torments and cruel deaths of beasts ; as does an admired writer of the present day, in the following words : "It is not perhaps in common cases self-evident, that diversions which consist in taking away happiness, inflicting torture, and shedding blood, are altogether adapted even to

persons of the other sex, who lay claim to cultivated understandings and benevolent hearts; but however that may be, the rude clamour, the boisterous exertions, and the cruel spectacles of field sports, are wholly discordant when contrasted with the delicacy, the refinement, and the sensibility of a woman." And in the same author, we have, "Teach them to abhor the detestable sports derived from the sufferings of animals; they who in their childhood are inured to persecute the bird or torture the insect, will in mature years, have hearts prepared for barbarity to their fellow-creatures."

Note 24, page 175, line 10.

But with the cook, this list we'll close, &c.

A certain author, describing the gentleness of the Wallachian women, says, "If imitated in other countries, it might take away some of that masculine ferocity which distinguishes many of the lower classes of women in Britain, and which they perhaps in a great measure contract from being constituted butchers of the lesser animals used in our kitchens." Though this evil may be in some measure unavoidable in those families where no man-servant is kept, it is easy for the mistress of such to refuse the complicated cruelty of angling.

Note 25, page 193, line 3.

With sleep compared is nothing worth, &c.

"I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world than the consideration that there is no height of happiness or honour from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose; that the best state of life is such that we contentedly quit its good to be disentangled from its evils," says the Idler.

Note 26, page 196, line 8.

Since at the touch of Plutus vanish'd.

In truth, shut up till a certain hour. Fearing this will bring to mind those effeminate people the Sybarites, for whom, though no apology can be offered, we would here remind the reader that Montaigne says, "some are of opinion it disorders the tender brains of children to awaken them by surprise in the morning, and suddenly and violently to snatch them from sleep, in which they are more profoundly involved than we are; he (his father) caused me to be awakened out of it by some instrument of music." Why may it not affect those adults who have weak brains, and even some who have strong ones, to be awakened in an abrupt manner? I think Peter the Great could not bear to be awakened at all, but was always ill if he had not his sleep out.

Note 27, page 201, line 14.

("Men in the lowest station sit,") &c.

The writer having *now* by her Montaigne, as well as several other authors mentioned in these notes, perceives she has confused Montaigne's idea, (vol. ii. p. 157, 8th edition) by applying what he says of the universe in some measure to the world; but after all, it may be questioned whether it is more desirable to swim than to walk.

Note 28, page 202, line 18.

ON A PERSON SAYING SHE MUST DO LIKE THE REST OF
THE WORLD.

Montaigne, vol. ii. p. 487, quoting Seneca. "I am not ambitious, we say, but a man cannot live otherwise at Rome; I am not wasteful, but the city requires a great expense. Let us not look abroad for our disease, it is in us; and our

not perceiving ourselves to be sick, even renders us the more hard to be cured."

Note 29, page 218, line 3.

THE MAN OF CHARACTER.

The experienced well know how difficult a stranger finds it to get at the *true* character; for who will venture to give such an account of a thriving man, as they have by chance heard from the oppressed, and which would be loudly contradicted by those with whom it is his interest to be honest, or with whom only the business of dinner and tea-table is transacted: let me, therefore, warn our novice, that the man of character being often no more than a knave guarded, is far more dangerous than a man of no character at all.



WRITTEN AFTER READING ———.

MY DEAR GRANDCHILDREN,

It is to you I must explain how times are altered since those fancied themselves at least innocently employed while endeavouring to "adorn their room or vest."*

But circumstances——yes, it is by the temptation † our self-denial must be measured. No doubt a superior purpose will give higher pleasure than has been experienced on completing the lace-like trimming of a treble-ruffled suit, fine meshed apron, or that of arranging the dozen of chair-backs and seats in cross-stitch, with window sofas, round a carpet, all of which were strewed with natural flowers by the hand of your maternal great-grandmother,—that hand ever ready to relieve the distressed,—her, whose parent while directing accommodations for her worthy husband's ‡ most humble parishioners, disdained not to exert a turn for the ornamental on the desert prepared for their more fortunate neighbours. But here we cannot omit those wonders worked by that long-held, most homely instrument, the knitting-needle, by which a nosegay was now produced to, at so small a distance, rival nature herself, as to induce the mother of your aunt to think it worthy the acceptance of an exalted personage.§

Nor will it be uninteresting to mention, that Mrs. —— having been flattered into a belief of her possessing (for variety) a superior collection of pieces in shell-work, || sent them to the metropolis; but arriving too late for the season, these pictures were placed for a very short time at

It was on the 15th of June, 1824, from the gentleman who took charge of them, that the following was received.¶ I shall conclude with requesting, that to those works beyond the reach of moth and rust, the present may add charity for those ages when lived the ancestors of my dear grandchildren.

Your affectionate Grandmother.

POSTSCRIPT.

Considering to whom, and the subject, no apology is required for the length of this postscript.

Catharina Holker, how fervently must I join with whoever might be the writer of the following:—"To those who were happy enough to know her, suffice it to say, that there was a degree of solidity in her judgment, and of beneficence in her heart, which were very far above praise. In her lingering death—January 10, 1789—she showed the virtuous fortitude of a stoic, and the firmness of a saint." But it is from an intimate friend I now quote.

The late Mrs. Thorpe, whose death you have mentioned with a merited eulogy on the deceased* W. and D. Wilmington and Darant, livings held by the Rev. S. Denne, youngest son of the Archdeacon of Rochester.

Nor can I forbear to add that her brother Laurence joined with his mother in, for many years, assisting some old connexions in decayed circumstances, and whose easiness towards his tenants in certain vocabularies—weakness was contrasted by the firmness with which he, to his death, protected the oppressed.

Nor can I lay down the pen without a word on the respect we owe to the memory of Captain James Campbell, in whom their very pretty, but rather hectic aunt, found the most indulgent of husbands, and whose son, Major James, (quite free from the national prejudice which is so generally attributed to his countrymen,) left to his Kentish cousins, in 1780, a very considerable share of his fortune.

* Literary Anecd. vol. iii. p. 521.

NOTES TO THE LETTER.

* First edition, vol. 2, p. 131.

† Which, by the British loom, has long since been removed.

‡ See Customale. Roffense, 135.

§ Stoke, — 18.—My dear Mrs. ———, To explain what you have heard—know that the universally beloved Lady Emma asked—"In such

weather, how could you venture to cross? And now, as to the why?" "For merely the pleasure of an interview with one of that race I so much revere, and who I hope will do me the honour to accept this knotting-bag." "Then I must send to Lady Isabella,"—who very obligingly said she would present it: and shortly after, when their Royal Highnesses (the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester) passed through the billiard-room to dinner, behold me highly gratified by the affability with which the Duchess expressed herself concerning my daughter's work, and by my mentioning amongst ——'s earliest Guernsey acquaintance, the family (Lord de Saumarez) from visiting whom their Royal Highnesses arrived at Mount Edgcumbe.

Indeed, such was their condescension, it almost tempted to that fruitful subject for which you, my dear Mrs. ——, need not turn to *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. III., p. 520.—See Prince of Orange.

|| See List annexed.

¶ Extract from Mr. Hargrave's (the attendant at the gallery) letter to Mr. Sevens, of Sidmouth, 15th of June, 1824:—"The shell-work will be packed up with the greatest care, by Flowers; and I am sorry to say, His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, or his Duchess, never came, but the Duke of York honoured the gallery and admired the shell-work much.

"The Duke of Gloucester is said to be very ill, and to have Sir Henry Halford and Mr. Brand in attendance on him."

As I now give an extract from the Will of JOHN THORPE, M.D., I must here make a short allusion to his life, which cannot be always at hand.

There are yet living those who will see in this character, drawn by his son, as well as in some passages of the Custumale, a strong resemblance to your great grandfather.

"He practised his profession in the city of Rochester,* and county of Kent, thirty-five years, thinking it as much his *duty* to *relieve*, out of charity, the poor,† as those of affluent circumstances for a reward. In a word, he was remarked as having the strictest regard to the public good in all his actions.

* *Registum Roffense*. p. 4.

† Poor for whom he extended his care to their souls as follows.

“ From the will of JOHN THORPE, M.D. dated 29th day of October, 1750.—The rents and profits of certain tenements, for the purchasing of such books of piety and devotion, to be yearly distributed, and given by them to the inhabitants of that parish* as may, by the blessing of God, direct and induce them to lead righteous and religious lives, to the salvation of their souls, through the merits and mercies of their Saviour and Redeemer.”

* Penhurst in Kent, his native place, as Rochester was that of his son.



APPENDIX.

On again looking into the "Registrum Roffense," I have been tempted, though in but a hasty abridgment, to make further extracts from the life of your great grandfather.

"On St. Andrew's day, 1705, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, which at that time consisted of but few members in comparison of the present number; soon after he fixed his residence in Ormond Street, London, near his friend Dr. Mead, and for several years assisted Sir Hans Sloane in publishing the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and became intimate with the most eminent physicians, naturalists, and antiquarians of that time.

"In the year 1715 he settled at Rochester; where, at his leisure hours, he applied himself to his favourite study, the history and antiquities of his native county, more particularly to the ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese of Rochester: in this pursuit he employed several amanuenses to copy and transcribe. His labour was indefatigable in taking the sepulchral inscription and coat-armour on monuments and painted glass within several miles of Rochester, with a copy of which he obliged that great collector of antiquities, his friend, the Earl of Oxford.

"Having been elected one of the Wardens of Rochester Bridge for the year 1733, he set himself to make out a complete collection of materials for the illustrating and ascertaining the history of that ancient and well incorporated body. He likewise drew up an account of the building the present bridge by Sir Robert Knolls and John Lord Cobham, in the reign of King Richard the Second, and of the evidences relating to it and the chantry, there founded by the said Lord Cobham, together with a series of the wardens to the year 1576, and of the wardens from that to the present time, most of whom were

the principal noblemen and gentlemen, owners of contributory lands in that part of the county, and was very instrumental in redressing irregularities that had inadvertently and insensibly crept into the management of the affairs of that corporation.

“He was very communicative, as hath been acknowledged by many of the most learned antiquaries who were his contemporaries, particularly by Mr. T. Hearn, the Oxford antiquary; Brown Willis, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Editor of the ‘Ecclesiastical Canons.’ He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Woodhouse, of Shopdon, in the county of Hereford. It appears that they formerly wrote themselves De Bosco, afterwards De Wodehouse, and at present Woodhouse.

“By Elizabeth, his said wife, he had one son.”

The works which he published in his lifetime are :—

- 1.—A Letter, in the “Philosophical Transactions,” to Sir Hans Sloane, concerning worms in the heads of sheep, &c., dated 24th July, 1704.
- 2.—“Ouresiphoite, Helveticus, sive Itinera, Alpina tria;” from the MS. of Scheuchzer, a celebrated German naturalist, with whom he corresponded.
- 3.—A list of lands contributory to Rochester Bridge, 1 sheet folio.
- 4.—A collection of statutes concerning Rochester Bridge.
- 5.—Articles of the High Court of Chancery for settling and governing Sir Joseph Williamson’s Mathematical School at Rochester.

For the account of your Maternal Great-Grandmother’s Family, see *Custumale Roffense*, page 145.

For reference to the Plate, see pages 257-8-9, Vol. I.

“ HER ROYAL HIGHNESS has heard of Mrs. Potts’s curious collection of Shell-work, and hopes, by-and-by, to be able to show it to the PRINCESS VICTORIA, in the obliging way Mrs. Potts proposes.”

“ Sir John Conroy presents his compliments to Mrs. Potts; at present the DUCHESS OF KENT’s engagements preclude her having the pleasure of seeing her Shell-work, but it is one Her Royal Highness hopes to have with the PRINCESS VICTORIA.

“ And Sir John Conroy will not fail to give her the earliest information on the subject.”

In answer to the above Notes, Mrs. Potts stated that from her age or other events removing the pictures to a far distant county, there might not be any opportunity for that information so obligingly offered by Sir John Conroy.

“ Now from the soothing condescension thus repeatedly experienced, Mrs. Potts thinks it impossible for Her Royal Highness to be displeased at that honor, intended by herself and the Princess Victoria, being made public.

“ Mrs. Potts, with respectful compliments to Sir John Conroy (whom considering as a friend), hopes he will do her the favor of accepting this copy.

“ In pages 257-8-9, the maiden name of the writer will appear.”

“ Sir John Conroy presents his very best compliments to Mrs. Potts; he begs to return her many thanks for her kind recollection and attention.”

This answer being received, and no objection made to the insertion of the foregoing Notes, all scruples on the subject are removed.

TO SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART.

“How does my dear ingenious* friend?
In thrice twelve hours yours will mend.”
Kind heaven vouchsafed our hopes to bless,
And I my Sarah† still possess.
Since then, for counsel given to me,
Thy brother ‡ had deserved a fee;
Now, too, I, by my simple lays,
Have gain'd thy unask'd word of praise;
But beg one more—nor made to wait—
See with whose name they circulate.

* Alluding to Shell-work.

† Sarah, Vol. I., p. 62, Miss L——d.

‡ Baron Vaughan.



SHELL WORK.

CONSISTING OF TWENTY-FIVE PIECES,

THE AMUSEMENT OF ONE PERSON.

Ten pictures, the flowers of which, from the snow-drop to the peony, (with few exceptions of their natural size,) are disposed in baskets or in vases: one, which has in it white flowers only, is formed of a nautilus, and another chiefly of cuttle-bone. The two baskets containing fruit are made of the star-fish; and in the piece consisting chiefly of shrubs, a bird appears from within the pales.

MANTEL-PIECE.

Bottle.—Honesty.	Vase with Flowers.	Bottle.—Honesty.
Bird.	Bird.	Bird.
Razors.	(Frontispiece—Scallop and Razors.)	Razors.

WEST DOOR OF RUINED ABBEY.

Inside it, a font and a tomb; outside, a figure lying under an arch: near the top of the picture, a tree shaded in small shells.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

INSIDE OF A RUIN.

The king and bishop, a hint from Crewkherne church door, Somersetshire: inside, a female figure seated.

INSIDE OF A RUINED CHAPEL.

Window, shells to imitate painted glass; a mural monument; several figures; and part of a ship, supposed a votive offering in gratitude for escape from shipwreck.

BUTTERFLIES.

MOSS, &c.

MANTEL-PIECE.

Bird.				Bird.
Urn.		Vase with Flowers.		Urn.
Stroller.				Old Woman.
Peacock.	Dog and Lamb.	Hen.		Three Dogs.
Rice and Razor.	(Frontispiece—White Peacock.)			Rice and Razor.

CHINESE PAGODAS, AND BRIDGE.

Two figures, and Neptune.—The Waterfall, foreign talc.

ROCK-WORK.

Cascade formed of the squid fish, and in back-ground a tower, under part of a ruin a dog-kennel, sheep, turkey, and goose.

BIRDS.

Leaves of the tree in mineral.

AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

The serpent anxious to devour the idol merely a bit of ash, except the white round the eye and the claws, which were part of the frog-fish.

BUTTERFLIES.

MOSS, &c.

A SNOW PIECE.

The ruin in mineral. Two figures, a lamb, bird, nest, and young.

In the recess, a woven glass basket, filled with flowers in shell-work.

APRIL 20, 1834.

TO EACH OF MY ELDER GRANDCHILDREN ON RECEIVING
LETTERS FROM THEM.

My dearly loved and loving dear,

I cannot bear to think

That from those laughing eyes one tear

May mingle with my ink,

So that they with reluctance look

On what was once a *task*;^{*}

And from this fate to save my book,

I of Papa must ask—

That he will on his word engage

You shall forget each line,

Rather than sigh when o'er a page

That is consider'd mine †.

So may you at some holiday,

While verging on fourscore ‡,

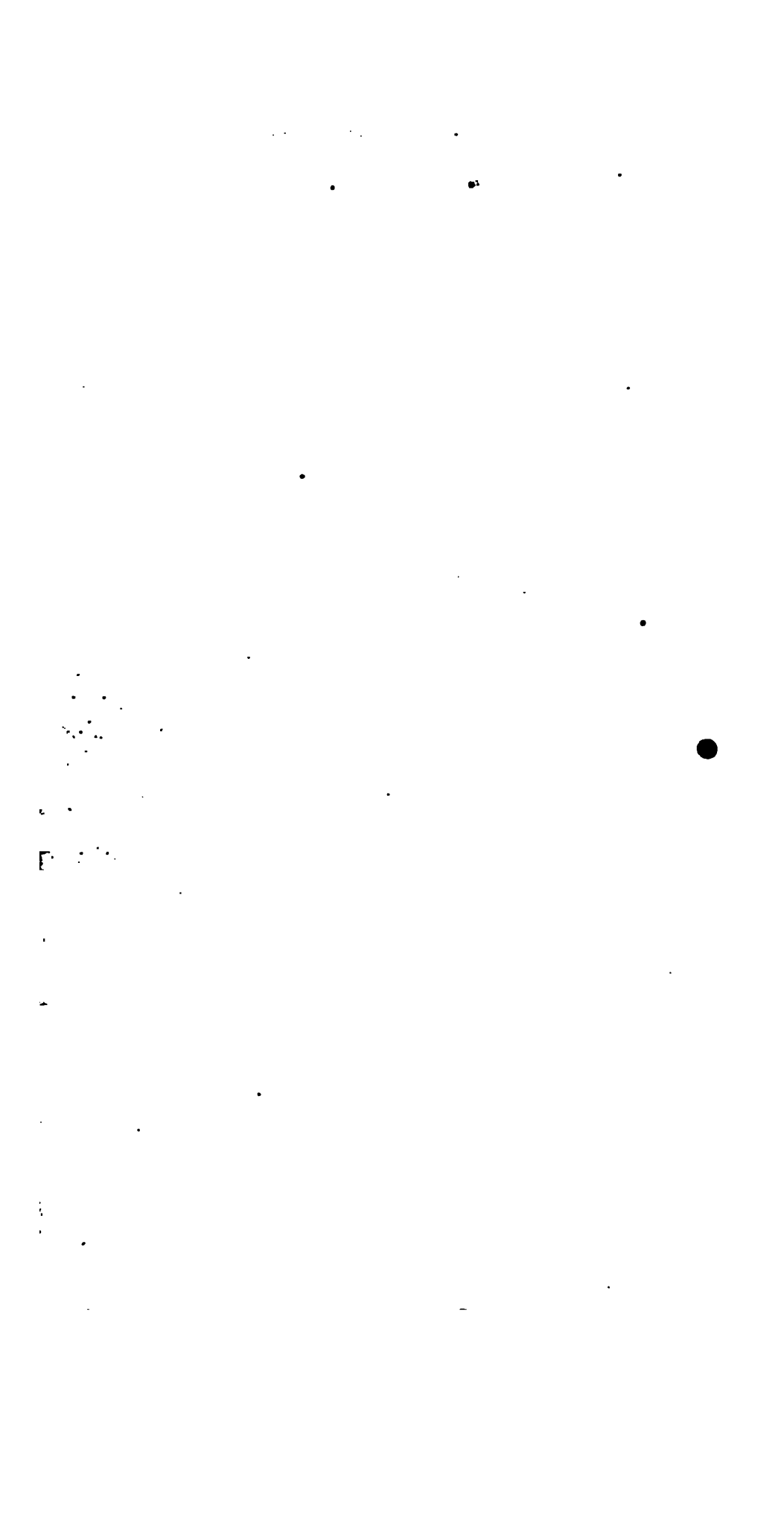
Smile when you read your favourite lay—

Smile as in days of yore !

^{*} But was afterwards fully convinced they never had read their
Grandmother's book as a *task*.

[†] For I cannot suppose that I am anywhere original.

[‡] Present age of the writer.





Sloane-street, August 1, 1833.

My mother asks me which of these,
Her printed fabrics, most can please
My truant fancy ; I reply,
All, all, dear mother—to the eye
Of love and duty must reflect
A light serene, with colours deck'd,
Both bright and lasting, since we know
How their formation sooth'd your woe :
With you whene'er the hill we mount—
Survey the scene or dip the fount—
Read nature's sermons in the trees,
Who yield their branches to the breeze,
And bring this lesson from the wood—
That all around us works for good :
With her we warmly sympathise,
Who spread such truths before our eyes—
Who gave us life, who gave us light,
And taught to bend our steps aright ;—
How sweetly comes the word from Heaven,
When through a mother's voice 'tis given !
How deep the impression on the heart
Which parents' tender cares impart !

Shall I point out those tender lines
Where motherly affection shines?
Shall I repeat that nervous one
Which teaches cruelty to shun?
No! other folks may pick and chuse
Which most instruct, which most amuse,
For me 'tis vain to make a choice,
Who had my lessons from her voice;
I can't remember what I've read—
I feel upon my random head,
Her white and taper finger tips;
I've had my lessons from her lips;
By her advice I choose a wife,
The pride and pleasure of my life—
As happy I, as man can be,
Which, Mother, I ascribe to thee.

L. H. P.

I was during the night thus answered by my dear son, who, though here speaking for my other most affectionate children, yet it is to him only, who never again saw these lines, that I must apologize for their being printed.

VERSES

INSCRIBED TO THE MOST AFFECTIONATE OF MOTHERS,
BY HER DAUGHTER, C. E. P., WHEN FIFTEEN YEARS
OF AGE.

ACCEPT, dear mother, these imperfect lines,
The tender tribute of a grateful heart,
Which ever did, and fully now, designs
To make you happy by its filial part.

My gratitude and love I'll strive to show,
In these effusions of my youthful pen,
From which my thoughts and wishes you will know—
My good intentions, you've discover'd then.

* * * * *

For us you've felt anxiety and grief—
Such heavy troubles now, I hope, are past;
In us we trust that you will find relief—
Yes, such a comfort as till death will last!

And when far hence to hallow'd realms above,
The soul has taken its aerial flight,
Thy trials we'll remember with thy love,
Thy bless'd example we will keep in sight.

My dear daughter will, I am certain, when she considers the pleasure it gave me, excuse my insertion of the above.

L I N E S

BY C. E. P.

I THINK WRITTEN WHEN VERY YOUNG.

ONCE more my dear brother receive,
That wish my heart knows is sincere,
And which, as I'm sure you believe,
It is needless to write it down here*.

But still there's another I raise,
And I hear it return'd from your tongue,
That time as he lengthens our days
May strengthen the bands on us hung.

Bonds by nature design'd at our birth,
By experience and reason improved,
All fully convinced of their worth,
Heaven grant they may never be moved.

* Her wish was that her brother might enjoy health, wealth, and contentment; but not being so clearly expressed as the rest, I have altered the last line of the first stanza, and omitted that which *was* the second verse.

Of those blessings so graciously pour'd,
 I must ever regard 'mongst the chief,
 That gift in which thousands are stored,
 Two brothers to lessen each grief.

But see, by my warmth I 'm betray'd,
 Into subjects affecting and grave,
 When I meant but two words to have said,
 Of this purse your acceptance to crave.

O'er its faults I will pass, for I know
 For its maker's sake here you 'll be blind,
 And only detain you to show,
 How in it my resemblance to find.

In the silk* see the warmth of my heart,
 In the beads† which embrace it, my love;
 As the scissars alone can those part,
 So my affection for you death must move.

On this purse, or whatever you use,
 May Good Fortune for ever attend,
 And follow each measure you choose,
 Believe me is the wish of your friend

C. E. P.

* Colour.

† Steel.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K. G.

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
ETC. ETC. ETC.

THERE was a time, when, to beguile the hour,
 I oft sought eagerly some trifling theme,
 Or soar'd at intervals to paint a flower,
 Then sunk to telling the fictitious dream.

Nay, I have known essays to dip the pen,
 While reading valiant deeds my bosom glow'd,
 Or (though Man, Heaven's* best work,) have pitied men
 Who their "faint praise" upon such deeds bestow'd.

At length that morn arose, that morn how dear
 To all your family, cannot be told
 But by the trembling hand that feels this tear,
 For thee†—thine now near half a century cold.

* The best that a finite being can be acquainted with.

† Catharina Holker, born on *the 18th of June*.

No longer on my parents let me dwell,
Those friends of liberty our joy had join'd,
In that blest hour when it pleased Heaven to quell,
By Wellington, the foe* of human kind.

Start not—I venture but to give his name—
I, who the canvass stretch'd and colours ground,
Far be it from me to attempt his Fame,
My boast to sketch the scene at Plymouth Sound.

Yes, Isis has indeed done well to choose
Him whose rich store of excellence shall give
Unnumber'd subjects to employ her muse,—
Thus join'd, these shall to time's extinction live.

* War.

October, 1834.

“SIR HENRY WHEATLEY presents his compliments to Mrs. Potts, and begs to inform her that a letter from Sir Hussey Vivian to Sir Herbert Taylor, expressing Mrs. Potts’s wish that the King and Queen should do her the honor of inspecting some ingenious shell-work has been submitted to their Majesties, and Sir Henry is commanded to express their Majesties’ regret that the London season being now closed, they can have no opportunity of seeing the shell-work at St. James’s Palace, as proposed by Mrs. Potts.

“*St. James’s Palace, Sept. 12, 1834.*”

“SIR HENRY WHEATLEY presents his compliments to Mrs. Potts, and in reply to her note just received, begs to state that she is perfectly at liberty to insert a copy of the letter written to her by Sir Henry in the edition of verses which she purposes to send to her friends at Rochester.

“*St. James’s Palace, Sept. 17, 1834.*”

“ SIR HERBERT TAYLOR presents his compliments to Mrs. Potts, and regrets extremely that it was not in his power to wait upon her since he received Sir Hussey Vivian's letter, but he is never in London except on Wednesdays for a few hours, when he is in close attendance upon the King, and therefore unable to call upon any one. This, and no other, was the reason why Sir H. Taylor requested Sir H. Wheatley to be so good as to wait upon Mrs. Potts and to explain that the season of their Majesties occasional residence in London having ceased, there would not be any opportunity this year of showing her work to their Majesties.

“ *Windsor Castle, Oct. 6, 1834.*”

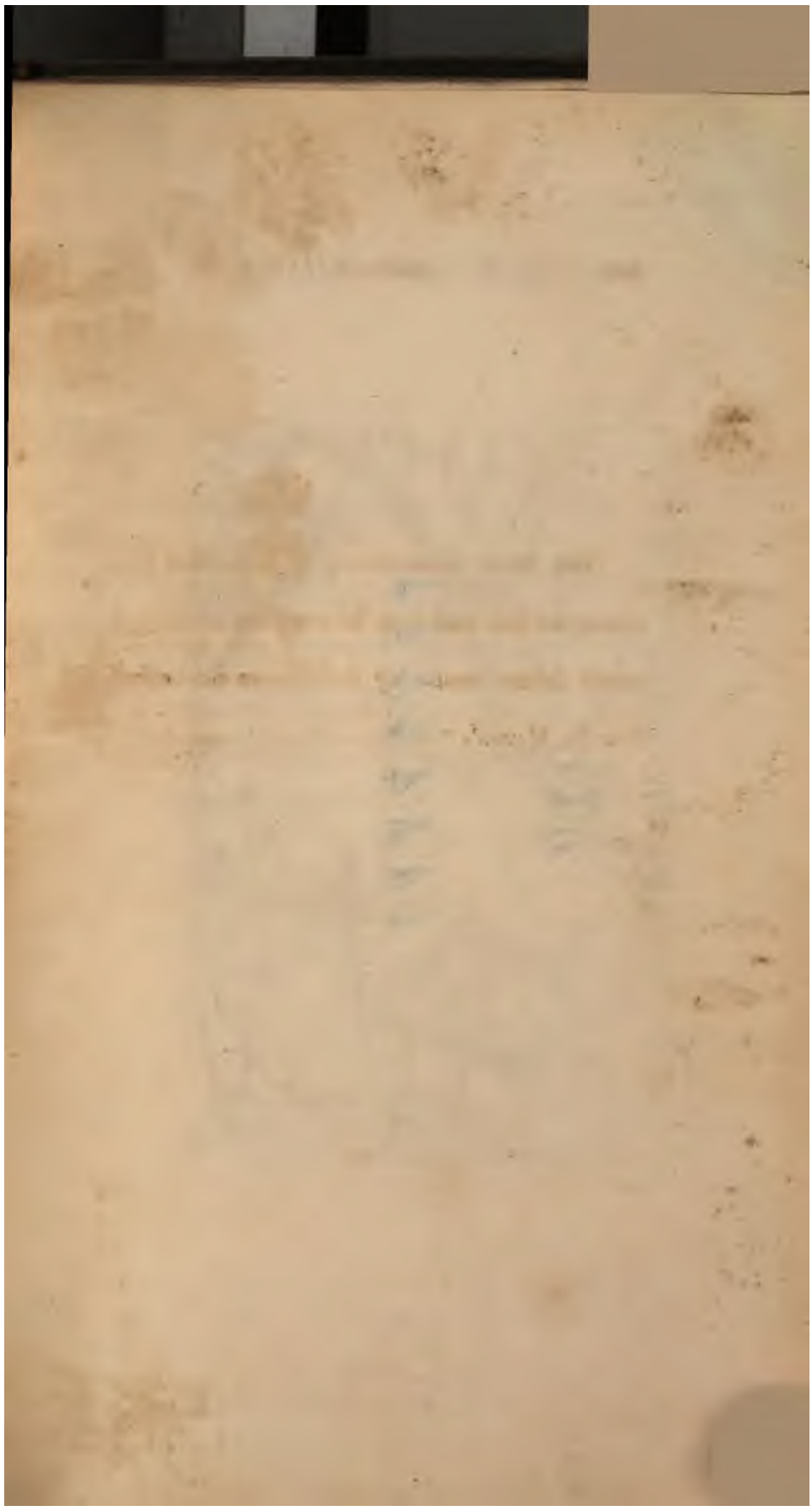
* * * * *

“ Their Royal Highnesses, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Princess Augusta*, expressed great admiration of her beautiful shell-work;—their Royal Highnesses were much surprised at the effect produced by the ingenious arrangement of such materials.

Saturday, May 16.”

* Sisters of his present Majesty.

THE Writer (uninteresting as those notes concerning her shell work must be to any but her family,) cannot forbear mentioning the pleasure she derived from Dr. MATON'S "Oh, my old friend Custumale."



GEORGE THE THIRD.



*His Name in every sense must Consecrate
It to be good, as to be great. This Plate.*

Two soldier had just pitched his tent,
And we sat down to dinner,
When how unlooked for that event,
By which our Camp the thinner*.

For those now hurrying past our gate,
While it's decreed by Heaven,
To save the Capital too late,
Already to their pious king that glory had been given.

*——— *regiment*.

GEORGE THE THIRD.



*By the many and various
Wishes of the great State*

THE soldier had just pitched his tent,
And we sat down to dinner,
When how unlooked for that event,
By which our Camp the thinner*.

For those now hurrying past our gate,
While it's decreed by Heaven,
To save the Capital too late,
Already to their pious king that glory had been given.

* ——— regiments.

Plate reference—Vol. II., page 38.



MY DEAR GRANDCHILDREN,

* How long I might continue writing to you it is impossible for me to say, encouraged as I am by those of an age to show their affection for me, and anxious to be hereafter known to those now but infants, as well by my letters to them as by the kind representation of their parents.

But it appears by the way most durable, my communications concerning our family and friends will very shortly be at an end, as, through the extreme kindness of Dr. F. Hawkins, a great part of this edition will be in ROCHESTER, by which word so strong are the emotions awakened, that I must endeavour to be brief otherwise than by extracts*. Here, then, I must repeat, your grandfather Thorpe practised his profession thirty-five years. My father was born here: and here lived Mrs. Harwood, whose sister married Dr. St. John, Dean of Wor-

* From the "History and Antiquities of Rochester," printed and sold by T. Fisher, Rochester, 1772, who says, the account of Bishop Bradford is principally taken from the Rev. Mr. Masters's "History of Bennet College, Cambridge." And the same learned author has inserted a complete catalogue of the different sermons and tracts published by this prelate.

cester, and that daughter, whose husband the Rev. Dr. H—n, and son, the Rev. J. H. H—n, continued to me through life the peculiarly tried friendship of their mother; and, as if heaven ordained with one exception⁽¹⁾ every blessing, independent of relationship, to proceed from this source, which introduced to me my present so often (never too often) mentioned valuable friend, together with the families of P—e and H—s; and here lived a variety of agreeable acquaintance proceeding from the second marriage of your grandmother* Hblker with the nephew of Bishop Bradford⁽²⁾. Therefore, my dear children will remember that we, without gratitude and veneration, ought not to pronounce ROCHESTER.

* So rapidly do generations accumulate, that I must hereby authorise the reader to put as many great-greats as he pleases.—See *Customale Roffense*, p. 133.

(1) In about the year 1777, Mr. Coventry, after immediately paying a considerable sum in legacies, took possession of the estate at North Cray, and, in honour of the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, sent for Mr. Brown, then known (I suppose from his frequent adoption of the term) as Capability Brown*.

Although at his age habit had made the Temple far more congenial to his taste, Mr. Coventry, during those weeks he resided at North Cray, beside generally bringing down with him some acquaintance †, kept up with all his neighbours a generous intercourse. Yet, through his natural bluntness, it was easy to perceive, by various instances, a peculiar attention to our family, presently accounted for by his believing I was soon to marry the nephew of his old friend, Mr. ———, of ———ton.

When I, to serve Mrs. ———ll, about the year 1794, called on Mr. C., fearing myself now no very welcome

* Mr. Brown told us that going with ——— into his chamber (probably to take a view of capabilities), he said, pointing to a large chest, "I once had that full of rupees;"—"then," replied B., "I am glad to see you can bear it so near to your bedside."

"One cannot help admiring the grandeur of Brown's genius and conceptions as one wanders through these grounds (Blenheim)—he is the Shakspeare of gardening."—*Tour of a German Prince*, Vol. III., p. 254.

† Mr. Jacob Bryant and your grandfather were thus gratified by together talking over their school-boy days.

visitor, and found his vote promised to the person I mentioned; he gave me a most excellent seat in the Temple Church, and, at any hour, admittance to the smaller garden; and when I was far from either of his places of residence, continued, and it seems had ever since the deaths of my parents and uncle, continued advising with my trustee, the highly esteemed Rev. Mr. Moore, of North Cray, (in which Church, and by whom, I was there married,) on whatever he thought most conducive to the comfort of my then situation.

To the blind, Mr. Coventry, in 1782, gave ten thousand pounds. And let me observe on his kind of originality, the making it a point to select men whose persons were not calculated to showing off the gay liveries of fashionable families. Considering his age, not recollected as infirm, yet his riding an extremely low black horse, with a white flossy-looking saddle, is remembered; and once when walking, as it should seem, not one of his numerous gardeners being within call, he, by endeavouring to drive out a peacock, fell; though from this accident I think quite recovered, was, some years after, wheeled about the Temple in his chair, in which church he was buried, May, 1797.

(2) By his collection of original Sermons I should suppose Mr. Harris* to have always preached his own compositions, from which such playful effusions as the following and a garden, were to him a favourite relaxation. Those who knew him will not wonder at our wishing to preserve the slightest touch of his pen, who was so remarkable for the rare simplicity of character †. From his door, incredible as it may seem, considering its situation, none ever asked in vain. How esteemed by high and low, lived this well-matched pair: to whom the families of the Hall and the Hithe, vying in respect, gave to their little grand-daughter the hoarded treasures of their own infancy—such as a knife, entirely silver, *tick* (but not broad)—its form exactly that of a plump French-bean—buckels of the same century and metal, &c. A silver box, the counters burnished, and each stamped with the bust of Queen Anne, was amongst

* The above worthy person was a Master of Arts of Brazen-nose College, Oxford.

† See *Customale*, p. 117. The inscription on Gravesend Church, composed by Thomas Harris, the late worthy Rector—
Hanc Ædem Incendio Lugubri Deletam Georgius 2d Rex Munificentissimus Senatus Consulto Instanrandam Decrevit.

Mr. Thorpe, in writing to a friend on their amusements after Vespers, says—"Playing at cards on Sundays, a custom that now too much prevails in our gay circles, reminds me of an expression of our good father Harris—"Tanamne rem, tam negligenter!"

presents from the Hythe. But perhaps a still more pleasing attention when (conquering every remonstrance on a gala-day) a side table was provided, and behind her chair grand-papa's servant was stationed—and we are assured that the young lady behaved with the utmost propriety. Let us not neglect so new as a fashionable subject will be on these pages. The *dog* even should we be obliged to confess that by the report of a gun, if half way to Gravesend, his master was deserted for the shelter of a bedstead, beneath which he also took refuge during a thunder storm: but after having picked this hole in his pepper and salt rough surtout, let me add that Sancho was a great favourite. When, after some deliberation, it was settled that your grandmother (being very ill since her widowhood,) should end her days at Bexley, and retain her own maid, and have the best chamber, with the charriot transformed to a coach, which, when returning down Shooter's-hill, was not stopped by the husband and father, who was sleeping, while a person beheld lying on the road his wife and child, who, by leaning on the door had fallen out; her mother sprang after her, and considering whose stature and suitable *bon point*, a severe fit of the jaundice and violently sprained ankle was much less than might have

been dreaded: the child received no material injury. But where was the footman? possibly when they were on a *journey*—safe at *home*. So difficult would it be to give any idea of what the improvements in roads, carriages, &c. has had to do with a change of customs that for this my Dear Children must apply to even older and far abler pens than that of their affectionate

GRAND MOTHER.

TO MISS ETHELINDA THORPE.

VERSES MADE BY MY GRANDFATHER HARRIS, WHO DIED
ON THE 27TH. OF DECEMBER, 1762.

Charming, lovely Ethelinda*,
As fair and bright as Rosalinda,
Quit thy native spot for one day—
To dine with us on Whitsun-Monday;
And papa come, and mamma too,
And pay to custom custom's due;
Bid the Greenwich pupil come
And join the party out and home;
Kitty, in arts' so much improved,
So justly praised, so dearly loved,

* Then three years old.

And all your neighbours of North Cray*,
 Lock up their doors and come away,
 And let their maid keep holliday.
 If uncle, who resides in town,
 To gather May-dew † does come down,
 Bid him make one in this parade,
 Bid him escort the cavalcade.
 Our welcome guests we hope to treat
 With all things plain, with all things neat;
 No French *ragoûts*, no foreign fare,
 Nothing far fetch'd, and nothing dear;
 On English food we will make them dine,
 From English grapes we will give them wine‡.

KATHARINE HARRIS.

In consequence of our visiting at the Mount, and from a similarity of years, became very intimate with Lady Calvert, who having, as may be supposed, said everything polite on the subject, it was settled that her footman

* Rev. — Smith.

† Suffice it to say, that considering the character of the writer, and of your uncle, here was not any intention of a far-fetched allusion to even his professional ink requiring additional mildness.

‡ A famous vineyard.

when his Lady was going for an airing, should come to know if agreeable to Mrs. Harris to accompany her; in one of these Lady Calvert introduced to Lord Camden her friend Mrs. Harris, &c. &c., to whom his lordship said—"Yes, I know this lady's son, for I have taken his money." With your grandfather Thorpe, as a literary character in the neighbourhood, must have ended his knowledge of our family. Yet many years afterwards, when George III. prorogued Parliament, (though with long lappets, disappointed by the person who advised them) on my naming two peers, I was told it must be an English peer, and on sending in my family name to Lord Camden he instantly came out, and I was placed very near the throne, and close to the Duke of Gloucester, who, on his brother's going through the usual form, to some nobleman observed—"That a stranger would think his Majesty had forgotten himself," which must have been the opinion of all unacquainted with the ceremony. I think this was just before the King's first going to Cheltenham. The conflagration on the 17th of October, which illumined the sky over the opposite garden, reminded me of the pleasure I experienced on seeing and hearing George the Third in that edifice.

When ending her days at Bexley (recovering for

many years) she was the admiration of that neighbourhood, and of our family, at the flow of spirits with which she was blessed, when disease permitted her to hear her ever attentive daughter relate a cheerful piece of news, or see a friendly old neighbour, at the side of that bed from which she was removed, at the age of 87, to the adjacent church.

EXTRACTS FROM FISHER'S ROCHESTER.

“ He, Mr. Bradford, was recommended to the governors of St. Thomas's hospital by Dr. Tillotson, then dean of Canterbury, and twelve other eminent divines, amongst whom seven were afterwards deans, bishops, and archbishops (Freeman, Dean of Peterborough; Stanley, Dean of St. Asaph; Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester; Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Williams, Bishop of Chichester; Sharp, Archbishop of York; Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury), as a person of great abilities and learning, an excellent preacher, a man of a very sober, pious, and prudent conversation, and in all things conformable to the Church of England. Archbishop Tillotson, soon after Mr. Bradford's settling in Southwark, entrusted him with the education of two grandsons, and by his grace he was collated to the rectory of St Mary-le-Bow, in November, 1693.

“ Mr. Bradford was successively chaplain to King William and Queen Anne. To the former he was appointed A.D. 1698, and he was nominated in the next year preacher of the lecture founded by the truly honourable Mr. Robert Boyle.

“ The excellent discourses delivered by him on this occasion being in print, it is needless to expatiate on the merits of them. They have, indeed, ever received applause from the learned and judicious part of mankind; and it ought not to pass unnoticed, that when Archbishop Tenison renewed the deed of this wise and religious institution, Dr. Bradford was named for a trustee; his grace plainly showing, by this mark of distinction, that he thought the person who had by his sermons so well fulfilled the intentions of the generous donor, ought to be invested with a power of deciding on the qualifications, and of rewarding the endeavours, of those who should be appointed to carry on the same admirable design. Another instance, which may be offered of the opinion entertained of his judgment in

pulpit compositions, was his being fixed upon to revise and correct some of the posthumous sermons of Archbishop Tillotson ; an employment he must have undertaken with a melancholy kind of pleasure, concerned on reflecting that the world was deprived of the most reverend author before he had time to give the finishing stroke of his masterly pen to productions so well calculated to instruct and reform, yet happy in being permitted to pay this tribute of respect to his friend and patron, whom he esteemed and admired while living, and whose memory he always revered.

“ Queen Anne visiting the university of Cambridge in the year 1705, he had the honour of being created doctor of divinity. A prebend of Westminster was conferred on him so early as the year 1707, but after the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, even the rectory of Bow was taken from him.

“ It seems to be no improbable conjecture that the uniform attachment Dr. B. had constantly shown to the principles on which the revolution was established, and to the interests of the illustrious House of Hanover, was the great bar to his promotion at that time. In April, 1718, our prelate was advanced to the bishopric of Carlisle, this latter dignity of course became vacant on his translation to the diocese of Rochester. He died at the deanery house of Westminster, May 17, 1731.”

Although having already said much of my grandmother, I might be contented with leaving her in the adjacent church, yet is her stroke so fit a companion to my mother's being found on Shooter's-hill, that I cannot forbear adding that my father, mother*, and uncle having, on July, 28, 1775, left Bexley with the intention of going through a small part of France and Flanders; her two grandchildren, finding her extremely agitated at a terrible storm on the _____, used every argument that such circumstances will admit of—"that it was not likely it reached so far as Dover—if even it did, they might be either over, or not embarked," &c. At last, on her throwing up the sash to speak to a shoemaker, by talking of her gloves they were seized with astonishment, sent for Mr. _____, who, coming in a few minutes, applied the proper remedies, yet, for some days, all that could be done was to keep talking to her on some most interesting subject of her early life, for the moment this was omitted she relapsed into incoherency. By Friday, the 4th of August, she had been out for an airing, and on the sight

* To Mrs. Catharina Thorpe, the dear partner and companion in this peregrination, this journal is, with all conjugal affection, inscribed by her most loving husband, J. T. I cannot allow that by this address, serious as it is, we should be above admiring that fondness by which the favourites of his wife and her mother were brought upon the carpet.

of her children safe, appeared to feel no further effects of the stroke for I think a twelvemonth or more, when we were cruelly undeceived by, as it seemed, in consequence of the remedies then indispensable to restoring her reason, which never after wandered, that malady succeeded by which, in defiance of the best advice, she, in a most deplorable condition, was ever after confined to her chamber.

We must, indeed, be far outdone by the brutes if in the human parent of either sex such instances of affection were rare: no, it is from the circumstances and consequences that these accidents are mentioned. Time not permitting me the pleasure of again perusing the volumes of that celebrated writer, can only say, I *think* he more than insinuates the affection of the male being stronger than that of the female parent, and that the inspired writers are of a different opinion.

I hope my father would not have objected to these few extracts—

“ I walked up Chatham hill and took a view of the ancient city and its adjacent towns, with the river Medway meandering between the hills, the ships, docks, &c. forming in the whole a most beautiful and picturesque landscape. After we had passed Barham Downs a most violent storm arose from the southward, attended with

dismal thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain, which lasted nearly two hours. We went on board July the 29th, having a great swell and rough sea owing, as the captain said, to the tornado the preceding evening. We were three hours and thirty minutes on our passage from Dover to Calais." In August 22, 1827, with rather a brisk gale, we were under two hours and three-quarters.

Philip Thickness called to take leave of some of the party.

Returning, passed rapidly over that fine bowling road on Barham Downs, which reminded me of the following sweet lines of Gay.

" Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Gravins would kneel and kiss the sacred ground."

A lady on board the packet had one of the smallest dogs of the King Charles's breed I ever saw; he had been to France with her several times; he was extremely pretty, with a very short head and fine long ears, and so watchful of his mistress that he would not suffer the captain to come to the bedside to ask her how she did. Not even Master Dono*, that *pastor fido* of Bexley,

* Dono, given to a niece of Mr. Holker's, by Sir C. Smyth of Hill Hall, Essex, but in character with that species, strongly self-attached to my mother.

could be more careful of his charge. However, with all these perfections, I do not pretend to say that this little sailor was in any way equal to that paragon of beauty, the *quondam* Neptune* of Gravesend, &c. &c. Add to these excellent qualities, Master Neppis' lineage, for his father and mother were the great favourites of Lady Russell, Countess of Orford, whose gallant husband gave a total overthrow to the French fleet under the command of Monsieur de Tourville, in that memorable engagement at La Hogue.

My dear Children,

I think that Johnson says "people are very willing to be idle," and therefore does not, so much as might be expected, discourage scribbling, a habit by circumstances more or less objectionable; and that he tells us there are always marks of a rent which is but too visibly glaring about the middle or end of page 317, volume III. For its being on many accounts very uncertain if I should ever print it from that part beginning with Sid-

* Neptune. Was this name from his relation to those dogs of the gallant admiral, or to raise a smile when some stranger expecting the entrance of one from Newfoundland, beheld this diminutive animal, is, I think, about as worthy a question as we now and then hear proposed.

cup*, passages were taken, which, while making meagre the pages so robbed, has loaded and confused those where they are now to be found, which, as it cannot be remedied on this subject, your time shall not, my dear children, be wasted by your affectionate mother and grandmother,

E. M. P.

SIDCUP.

On France, it's as true, little's left me to say,
As not words to express what I thought on our way.

“Here his majesty changed horses.” I would that his hunter had been changed † (much as himself ‡ and race most justly have been ever famed for courage) to any excepting a war-horse. But the man whom, we are told, even habit had not subdued to, without agitation, signing the death-warrant of a malefactor, must reluctantly, and for health, have *endured* this cruel sporting with any suffering, but more especially suffering of the *guiltless*.

At this place I have only to say further a few words of one (and who is so differently represented by a variety of pens as the author of “The Lives of the Popes”), here, however, visited by the most respectable families. But

* Amongst others, North Cray and North Fleet.

Pause, invalids! what cost us trouble, loth to throw way,
We persevere though mind and body loudly cry out—nay!

† Coxheath camp.

‡ Riots of 1780.

of many curiosities in their possession, I, then so young, can recollect but one, a festoon, which, from acorn and wheat, arriving to so delicate a flower as the hop, afforded much amusement to Mrs. Bower*, when, by a stranger, it was declared "to rival a Gibbons, except that this or the other was not *quite* so natural as the rest."

CHISLEHURST.

HERE the Rev. Dr. Moore was blessed with eight children. The eldest son, who for many years enjoyed the livings of Foot's Cray and North Cray, was in person above the middle stature, with a fine countenance, melodious voice, and cheerful conversation, uniting those superior qualities becoming his profession: he secured the esteem of the first families in the vicinity. By the death of his wife, once a very pretty, always a lively little woman, his own was supposed to be hastened. The next brother, Charles, had a living in East Kent, in company remarkable for taciturnity; he, in two quarto volumes on suicide, obliges his reader to acknowledge, that much judgment has made them, considering the subject, less dismal than could have been deemed possible. The eldest daughter, when such things were rare, formed into

* "New *Lauders* and *Bowers* the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover."

Goldsmith's Retaliation.

relieved flower-pieces and landscapes, the produce of a delicate pencil. I believe most of that family were ingenious. Her sister Ann sung agreeably: nor can I omit that presence of mind shown by her very worthy sister—though, but for this instance, we might then boast of never hearing of an attempt at house breaking in this neighbourhood. Dr. and Mrs. Moore being from home, Miss Rebecca was *awakened* by a sense of extraordinary cold, and presently heard rain *within* the room, and by a lamp on the hearth, at the foot of the bed, she saw a man, who was in a postillion's jacket, stoop down, and in a moment his hand was on the curtain by her head, when, *awakening* her cousin, Miss ——, she said, loudly, “ring the bell for the servants.” Upon which the villain hastily retreated, leaving behind him the ladder; from which, however, no discovery was obtained. And on the death of her father, not more admirable was her refusing an offer of marriage, than, when herself in easy circumstances, to further assist a friend, her accepting that situation, which by many would have been refused.

In the church, in the north aisle, on the north side, is a beautiful mural monument, ornamented with an urn encircled with a festoon of flowers: between the trophies and naval ensigns of war, in statuary marble, is a sea engagement finely expressed in bass relievo.

ORPINGTON.

A little out of our road lies Orpington, at which place rises the river Cray *, and lived the Rev. F. Fawkes, who, I think, translated Theocritus, was chief writer in the Poet's Calendar. That these lines, by the Rev. Dr. Woty, were not addressed to your grandfather, I am as certain as that for their being either hereditary or portable, other bibles were read, while generally, on a shelf in his library, remained this edition by the Rev. Francis Fawkes.

“ Our friend, pastor Fawkes,
 The reprove of sin,
 Informs me at length
 You have taken him in ;
 But let him not lie
 With neglect on your shelf,
 For fear by so doing
 You take in yourself.”

Mr. Fawkes, an intimate and facetious acquaintance of Mr. Thorpe's, had, I think, not any family; but as a

* This seemed applicable to the spring of a trout stream; may not be in the least so to any person here mentioned.

See Thompson, Johnson, and Lord Byron,
 For (*gentlemen*) each in his book
 Tells us what honour shall environ
 The angler's rod and fisher's hook.

wit, we shall not be surprised at finding his widow in Bromley College, which has proved an asylum to so many who by descent were gentlewomen. Of Lady Burdet, I remember only her declining the title, and that she could preserve some kinds of flowers so well as to in beacers share with amaranths the enlivening her apartments.

Those in the bishop's palace were, for the amusement of Lady Yates, adorned by that beautiful art so successfully practised by Miss Linwood.

FOOT'S CRAY PLACE.

Mrs. Harance* had, in a drive from London, observed the coachman often looking upwards; but how did they regret not knowing that it was the appearance of four suns had attracted his attention. They were clearly seen at Bexley, and sketched by Bailey, then, as was often the case, employed on the *Custumale*, and were, I think, engraved for the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

* Mrs. Cade, sister-in-law of Mrs. Harance, was the god-child of your grandfather Thorpe, as his youngest daughter was of her mother, Mrs. Petley, of Riverhead, who, writing to him a most kind and pious epistle on the death of her husband (his dearest friend), concludes thus:—"my kind love waits particularly on my god-daughter.

"Riverhead, Jan. 8th, 1766."

NORTH CRAY.

MOUNT MASCHALL.

This neighbourhood, towards the close of the 17th century, was annually much enlivened by a Christmas ball. Mrs. Maddox, equally obliging to all her guests, however, by beauty or fashion not distinguished, as were her daughter-in-law and sister (Miss Peryn) with the Misses Leigh and S. Talbot. Baron Peryn was as cheerful and unaffected as his host, whose sons, with Sir A. Edmonson's, the nephews of Mr. Harance and R. Talbot, I can only recollect as dancers; but the voice of Captain Sutton *, amongst songs after supper, can never be forgotten.

At Vale Maschall, for a few years, resided Mr. Smith, whose wife, daughter of Mr. Scrace of Brighton (though very agreeable), I believe chiefly through her being mistress of Italian, became to many terrific as a "learned lady."

BEXLEY.

But now entering Bexley, irresistible the temptation of an excursion to our native place. In my memory, not a carrier lived here, nor did a stage-coach even pass through Bexley, where the Queen of Sheba was joyfully received,

* Of the artillery, who, I think, went on crutches.

till driven thence by one Oliver. But not yet forgotten the many happy hours spent with this usurper, I must acknowledge to have somewhere read (speaking of strollers), from Such-a-one "*down* to Oliver Carr," who was here believed to have been a lieutenant in the army, himself and wife in years; I hope not so, as, though with extraordinary character, four or five daughters, fine women, were in his company. Lady Townley, with her blue and silver strained over a large hoop, you anticipate—the Farren could not obliterate, and that the French horn of Mr. Cooks, who married the heiress, Miss Denham, could be borne "in the best inn's best room, is certain," but as our theatre became lofty, our music fell; but after all a gentleman remarked, that going through a certain village, he found half the wealth of the nation in a barn, allowing the subject led him to use a poetical licence. It were in a less degree so than at first appears, could we suppose Sir Sampson Gideon, Jeffery Hetherington, Esq., Sir W. Ladbroke, Sir John Boyd, and the amiable Lady Fermonhaugh contemporaries. As is usual, every person bespoke a play, which was by the rest duly attended, and certainly proved the influence of Mr. Latham *, to whom our stage owed its foundation and support.

* Uncle to Dr. Latham, of Dartford.

In some parts, their tragedy was honoured by even the great with a lamentation of its being “too well performed for laughing at.”

Mrs. Clara St. George Emmet *, with whom her sister and niece residing many years, were our very agreeable neighbours, but better described by a few lines from * * * *, than by my best endeavours, which shall be exerted to disprove the charge of ingratitude.

A FRAGMENT

Of an old Poem found among the rubbish in pulling down a more ancient Parsonage-house †.

Through a delightful vale the winding Cray
 With silver current shapes its rapid way;
 Renown'd for trouts with spots of crimson dye,
 Which from their liquid ambush snap the fly,
 As on the sun-beams of bright summer days,
 In mazy rounds it o'er the water plays;
 On this fair stream, where art and nature crown
 The verdant banks, is seated Bexley town—
 Bexley, a pleasant and improving place,
 Where dwell three nymphs of an illustrious race ‡;

* See Letter of Dr. Ducarol, dated 1756, vol. I. p. 259, Moonshine.

† Custumale Roffense, plate C. E. Thorpe delineat.

‡ I know not from whence, or how much corrupted by my imperfect recollection:—

Sacred to the memory
 Of Knight St. George and good King Henry.

Two sister dames *, who Hymen's law obey'd,
 The third † a lovely and court-manner'd maid,
 Whose striking figure and majestic mien
 Rival the Graces with their Cyprian queen ;
 And in her form each gentle youth admires
 The mother's beauty blended with the sire's ‡.

* * * * *

Why droops my lilly, flaunting ere so late
 In pallid lustre and gigantic state ?
 Yes, her good grandam's death had gone unwept,
 Couldst thou her ample income but have kept.

Flaunting, however applicable to the lilly, is not so to the lady. With her striking figure, a woman of moderate refinement might avoid the most distant approach to flaunting ; but a superior delicacy of Miss W. disdained even the strong temptation of rouge.

* Widows.

† Her friend, Miss Boscowen, maid of honour to the queen of George the Third, alarmed this village by the royal livery, when, I think, in her way to Tunbridge, calling on Mrs. Latham, then the prudent wife of the brother of Dr. Latham *, and mother of several beautiful children.

‡ An officer in the army, and, I think, his uncle a clerical dignitary in Ireland.

* See *Custumale*, page 254.

At the expiration of that lease by which the great tithes were, in the life of her grandmother, let for little more than 100*l.* per annum, Mrs. L., at the death of her aunt, becoming lay-impropriatrix, did, indeed, possess a most *ample* income.

MR. DINGLEY.

THE house, I think, about two miles from Bexley church (a piece of water winding through the park, and now approaching the windows of the house). We enter by a handsome hall, paved with white and black marble; a large portion of it was occupied by a model for the Magdalen*. On the right, amongst suitably elegant furniture, the portraits of himself, when young, and of his very beautiful daughter† as St Cecilia, and a very fine Guido; on the left, a dining-room ornamented by a set of richly-framed coloured prints, from the marriage of Henry the Fourth, by Rubens. But it was on a winter's evening, in a smaller room, by Mr. Dingley called his baby-house, that from books, or a very great variety of well-arranged curiosities, that the too young, or too many for a pool, might always find entertainment. Curiosities‡, some of which are now no longer rare; and of those

* See page 365.

† Wife of — Hoare, esq.

‡ Many were not without intrinsic value.

which are perhaps still scarce, how few now clearly remembered! Amongst which (composed entirely of flower-seeds) that excellent small figure of a man in armour; and under the glass-case, a cabinet, not, as at first sight it might be supposed, of carved ivory, but of card, exquisitely raised into flowers and landscapes by some of his pupils.

PERSON, DRESS, AND EXERCISE.

Those who have imagined Mr. D. in person to bear some resemblance to Locke, from the portrait* of that great philosopher in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford, do not seem to be mistaken. Allowing that the silky appearance of his exceeding thick white hair could seldom be equalled, though the brightness of eye, freshness of complexion, agility, and clearness of voice, may, at his age, be sometimes met with, we could not think his health to have induced, though no doubt preserved, by his habits of abstemiousness and exercise. In dress always extremely neat and plain, except that to church, on a winter's Sunday, he wore a kind of roquelaure, or loose coat, of fine scarlet cloth, with an edging of gold about half an inch wide; and just on the crown of his head, quite flat, what could hardly be called a cap, of dark purple satin. As a neighbour, the best to all sorts and

* Portrait or statue.

conditions of men, the beneficence of this age need not be told those ways in which, beside medicine and inoculation, Mr. D. assisted the poor. His situation in society already described, we have only to say, that, filling it with propriety, a succession of friends were, during the summer, most hospitably entertained, amongst whom, once upon a time, met together Fog, Frost, and Forest.

To their parents a melon was made doubly acceptable by that politeness which, to the youngest, accompanied materials for many ingenious amusements, as ivory-handled knives for raising card, &c. ; and in boxes of about eight inches square, containing at least two layers of trays ; the edges of their divisions, which were of different shapes, ornamented with elegantly fancied flowers, and containing the most beautiful foreign shells ; and new publications always with pleasure communicated.

There was an instance from which it was impossible Mr. D. could derive any other satisfaction than that flowing from the exercise of extraordinary benevolence, which, where no other obstacle interfered, would not suffer the inferior situation of life to obstruct his kind attentions. That he could rise above mean and popular prejudices, amongst many other proofs, his saying, "Lady Young's father sold pewter spoons, mine dealt in silver one's:" nor did he himself aspire to a more honourable

title than that *right* honourable one of an English merchant*, consequently, disdained not to profit by the parental judgment in jewels, is evident, and involving a rather curious circumstance, we will give it from the most indisputable authority. “My dear madam, why do you wear that glass upon your wrist?” was, indeed, a surprising question to Mrs. —, who had from youth worn (as she thought) a row of jacinths, about the size of diamonds, on a card, but their shape that of the herald’s lozenge, to which the miniatures of her husband and brother were the clasps. This, together with what became a fine pearl necklace of several rows, a remarkably beautiful amethyst, which, with some diamonds, had been for many generations in the family, was by her still more admired for its very antique appearance. But Mr. D. was *right*: yet from the glass being set in fine gold, which fetched many pounds, they must perhaps, before being changed, have been garnets, then more esteemed than an inferior jewel deserved. Yet might not those of our Queen Charlotte† be set in that precious metal. The pearls, amethysts, and diamonds, were, of course, submitted to the best judges, and found what they appeared to be. I well remember all of them, and

* *Custumale*, p. 843.

† Left, I think, to one of the princesses, her daughters.

have heard, that the whole now described, was, by tradition, once a part of the same ornament.

If ever Mr. D. indulged in that vice of old age, old stories, take this as a specimen of their brevity. The bell of a certain church being tolled at midnight, some of the stoutest parishioners ventured to the door, when their hearing, "I am the cruel man of old Bedlam," did not hasten its opening!!

A certain gentleman, whose daughter was very lately married, on entering a room where "Joy to great Caesar," &c. was performing, making a full stop, bowed to the orchestra!!

The Rev. Mr. R. Dingley, his son by a former wife, was a particularly agreeable young man, and Mrs. Dingley, when much afflicted with the gout, was very deservedly chaired by her neighbours venturing over what was by night rather an unpleasant part in the piece of water.

The letter to a child could not be intended for a secret.

"My dear little Daisy,

"It is very singular, that one so young and so innocent, and seeming so artless, should be so designing that no one thing can escape you, yet, was you my pupil, I should love you as the pupil of my eye; that is, I am sure, as your father does, may you grow up and share the

joy of every one's affectionate regard with your sister : you need but follow her steps as she has done those before her, to be assured of it. As you are now, whatever you may think of it, just peeping into the world, like your adopted namesake, artless and pure ; but at your fingers' ends I now venture to present you with a small packet to contribute thereto. It is enough, if possible, to satisfy the most ambitious, as it is sufficient to draw the whole world, so hope it may satisfy you, at least for the present ; yet still hope that a time will come when even the whole world will not satisfy. What more, your good grandmamma can best explain to you, and show you the way to obtain ; but at present I wish you content with the light of the sun and nature's prime productions, and catch them with your flowery pencil as they spring—the snowdrop and crocus, nature's gold and silver, with which she strews her paths ; but there are exotics and worldlings, the produce of culture and education. The cowslip is nature's sweet, dulcet, delicate production, humble, bashful—if real innocence can be so called—inhabitant of the humble mead ; but yet the daisy, pure, humble, and simple, it enamels the sweet pasture, and supplies all beings with sustenance, let her be your first to copy after. As you advance, many more flowers will

blow to catch your notice, but not all your imitation. Your good sister will take you by the hand, and notice such as, when collected, will furnish a pleasing posey and wreath, and explain to you the pleasing emblem of every one. May your future actions be like your present employment, and an example or sampler of good works.—ADIEU.”

February, 1771.

THE BEAUTIES OF BLENDON HALL, BEXLEY.

Schoolfellows* and intimates of a far senior sister, my admiration went no farther than the elegant form and beautiful countenances of the Misses Dessagnier. But, happily, when Blendon Hall, so much improved by her judicious additions, became the property of Lady Mary Scott, reason could share in the appreciating excellence. But by attempting a description, may I not mislead? Let me, then, call to your recollection the effect of good sense upon exalted birth, economy unsullied by meanness, and by affability respect but the more secured. Why should I name her attention to duties which though various beneficial institutions were not then known, could not be neglected by one who constantly brought and seated by her, the child of—I forget what neighbour or servant.

* At Greenwich; first by Mrs. Coats, then Ardwine.

By her even * cheerfulness, ruddy cheek, and not † in any respect an indication of disease, together, when in the country, daily exercise, and, but in the very worst weather, taken in a carriage, which we little thought how soon would follow to her grave; but so it was, before age had any thing to do with this loss to our village, which, of course, must not be mentioned when that of a daughter and brother-in-law, who resided with her, is remembered. When, though in East Kent, Mr. Thorpe sent in his name, Mrs. Scott immediately appeared, and in the most polite manner, mentioned her just going to dine with Lord Teynham, but that she should leave orders for Mr. Thorpe's viewing Scott's Hall, and receiving every information he might wish.

The cradle in which the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, slept, and to whom Mrs. Scott was wet nurse, differed only from others by size and fineness of material.

MRS. PATTERSON.

ON my mentioning General Patterson's arrival at Blendon Hall, Mrs. H. said she remembered his lady, in

* We were told, must have been a continual effort against disease.

† Would it not strengthen my picture of health to give this exclamation of a gentleman to a lady: "Do you talk of eyes, who have Lady Mary Scott in your neighbourhood!"

even the minuets of the birth-night ball, distinguished for her beauty, which was perhaps always of the serious cast. Its remains so well harmonized with the dignified resignation of decline, as to still inspire a pensive admiration.

From the slight acquaintance of a few evenings, how unreasonable the request of his discharge at his house in Hill-street, Berkley-square, politely refused by the general assuring Mrs. — that Poppleton was not only one of his finest men, but employed by himself. Poor fellow! and so he was, until by the falling in of a gravel-pit he left children and a most honest and industrious widow, who has, in old age, thankfully received, from a person sensible of her desert, the shelter of Mr. Stybman's charity.

CALVERT.

Of the numberless inventions and improvements that in my time (near fourscore years) have benefitted society, how few by me heard of, perhaps not one understood. Of the steam-engine, I thought that given by a German prince a most striking description.

As to the partner of the above harlequin, I, who while drinking tea at Hall-place, remember its first appearance in a box one inch square, between the finger and thumb of Miss Calvert *, with her prologue of " Perhaps, Miss

* Miss C. painted in oil.

T., you may not have seen this—it is a lead-eater:” so strong the impression on childhood, I cannot for it consent to the adoption of any other use or name.

Mr. Holker was the son of L. Holker, of Cambridge, M. D., and of Milton near Gravesend, by Katharine *, daughter of J. Allen, Esq., of whom he had become enamoured when she was but twelve years old, and before he had made the tour of Europe; after which it was this polite and finished gentleman had the honour of accommodating † the Prince and Princess of Orange and their suite for three days, in 1734, when, after their nuptials, they were delayed by contrary winds at Gravesend on their way to Holland. They were very affable, and his royal highness seemed pleased at his host’s having been at his house in the wood, whose child, still in petticoats, walking round him, he said, “Well, young gentleman, and what do you think of me?” “Why, I have been

* After giving the inscription on a mural monument in Bexley church, the writer observes, no notice has been taken of the family of this truly good old lady (Mrs. Harris). Katherine Allen was the grand-daughter of T. Penystone, Esq. of Rochester, lineally descended from Sir T. Penystone, Bart., 1611, seated at Halstead-place, Kent, mentioned in Gwillim’s heraldry, p. 427. Camden also gives an epitaph in Rochester Cathedral upon Master T. P., where he is styled a gentleman of ancient family, and allied to many more. For a further account of the Holker family, see *Custumale*, p. 245.

† Not as the “*Literary Anecdotes*” express it, “entertaining.”



thinking what fine hair you have." At their departure, his royal highness told the doctor if his son chose the army, he, on the word of a prince, would provide for him, and Queen Caroline assured Mrs. Holker that on the first vacancy her husband should be appointed physician to a royal hospital. They might then have had a large family, though only Mrs. Thorpe and her brother reached to more than early infancy out of four children, the first of whom perished by cold caught at the fire of Gravesend, no one being able to wrest it from the arms of its mother, who in about four years became a widow, but not till her daughter, who had been by Dr. Holker, sent into a French family at Canterbury, that she might, before English, speak that language, could write Greek. Mr. Holker was in due time placed with Alderman Dickinson, whom he succeeded in both house and profession, which was latterly confined to conveyancing, and that perhaps practised in the most liberal manner, as handsome legacies from several old clients *, together with his leaving no accounts, seems to indicate; and at the division of estates (excepting a town and country-house)

* Mr. and Lady Bridget Lane (Talmash); Tash, Esq., of Vale Maschal, North Cray; Trecothick and Apthorpe, Esqrs.; Tomlinson, Esq.; Colonel Dickinson, and Sir Charles Smyth, Hill Hall, Essex. Mr. Holker was, with Mr. Marsh, for many years trustee to the Ladies Lodge, Dunstable.

all of which were hereditary, and left between two nieces, the rent of a farm was doubled, and for which (I think, after only a dozen years' lease,) still more was offered; most likely the rest of the property had been in the same proportion under-let by Mr. Holker. Who can wonder at disappointment when a bustling life is exchanged for one of total inactivity? but Mr. H., who had the gout at twenty, and now approaching the decline of life, without entirely giving up his profession, proposed to himself much pleasure by being, for the greatest part of the year, two or three days in every week within half a mile of his brother-in-law's house, sometimes bringing to his new one an old acquaintance, and occasionally joining in the festivity of the neighbourhood; yet were there much heavier alloy to these comforts, than on the high road being twice robbed at noon-day; oddly enough, the men were both taken, one by Mr. Tancred of Dartford, and the other through a butcher's cart intentionally preventing his escape. I am certain Mr. Holker, who under most remarkably provoking circumstances was patient, did, in such a case as this, to the utmost of his power, soften justice. Being persuaded to let his gardener go behind his chariot with fire-arms, such interruptions were prevented: he never used a carriage when he could avoid it, and was long before he suffered his man to walk home

with him, though at the end of a lane leading to Bexley Heath he might have been waylaid, as had been the case on the London road. Perhaps one of his longest rides on horseback was with his neighbour, Mr. Selwyn.

“ Mrs. ——— met with an acquaintance, the member for ———, who is very much esteemed by all ranks—I suppose you recollect the circumstance, some years since, of his firing a brace of pistols loaded with ball through his head? they passed through his temples: he does not appear to suffer by it, as he hunts and lives as free as any of the country gentlemen.”

THORPE.

Literary Anecdotes, Vol. III., p. 515, is so full on the family of Mr. Thorpe, that I will only, by way of completing these sketches of some of the then inhabitants of Bexley, state, from various places in the above work, that he took his degree of Master of Arts at University College on July 6, 1738; was, in 1755, elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; in 1769 edited the “*Registrum Roffense*,” left for publication by his father*; and in 1788

* Respecting whom there is this mistake in *Anecdotes of Painting*, by H. Walpole, p. 3: “Dr. Thorpe, M.D., when writing his *History of the Town and Diocese of Rochester*, discovered, at the west end of that cathedral, two busts of Henry I. and his queen in stone, which had never been observed before;” Dr. T. never having written such work as *A History of the Town and Diocese of Rochester*.

gave to the world the "Custumale Roffense," with various curious pieces of ecclesiastical antiquity, hitherto unnoticed in the said diocese, the whole intended as a supplement to that work.

Mr. Thorpe's letter to Dr. Ducarol on chesnut trees, Nov. 26, 1770, is printed in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. 61, p. 152.

It is his illustrations of antiquities in Kent which composes Number 6 of the "Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica."

To the "Gentleman's Magazine" he was an old and valuable contributor; even the month in which his death is recorded (at the age of 77) bearing testimony of his inclination to be useful. Mr. Thorpe was, with Mr. Scott of Blenden-hall*, chosen trustee to the charity of Mr. Styleman, who erected in the parish of Bexley twelve almshouses. In the chancel of its church repose his five wives.

"He was happy in a retentive memory, and could quote whole pages of his favourite Pope with the utmost facility; he was hospitable, but not extravagant at his table; skilful and curious in his garden; intelligent and communicative in his library; social, elegant, and informing in his general

* Where having met Miss Townshend of Fragnall (some relation to the peer) that lady called on Mr. T., soliciting him concerning a petitioner for an almshouse.

conversation, and on antiquarian topics almost an enthusiast*:" and himself says, "the best antiquary leaves the plain road for the spacious fertile and pleasant field of conjecture†." The writer assures us these remarks "were the result of intimate observation for many years, and that Mr. Thorpe was truly venerated by his family, and respected by a numerous circle of friends above the common rank."

On the death of Mrs. Thorpe he let High-street House, and retired to Richmond Green, and being far advanced in years, endeavoured to alleviate his irreparable loss and lonely hearth by taking to wife a Mrs. Holland †, who, elderly, and of a good family, was the widow of the Rev. — Holland, whose preferment was in Essex (his old collegiate friend).

It was when Mr. Thorpe's youngest daughter, who, when a girl, breaking into his library to beg a solution of the wonderful performance, her just made enigma, with that pen, dipped for some far different subject, he instantly replied by—

The mourning *ring* must soon my death declare,
The nuptial, long may Peggy's finger wear.

* *Customale*, p. 926.

† *Ibid.* p. 173.

‡ Her son, now a prebendary of Chichester, married a daughter of the late Lord Erskine.

Which it did, but not through the wished-for connexion, of which he had then as reasonable a prospect as had Mr. — of that large fortune (far, indeed, from Mr. T.'s primary object), which possessing, he died single at about the age of forty.

RETURNING TO THE SANDY LANE.

AT length we *return* to that lane, leading to the Heath, once became most attractive to the belles of Bexley, and, while ascending the sandy hill, well remember our conjectures on whom we should meet at the tables of the Austins or Mr. Hulse, who so much interested himself concerning the daughter of his friend. But now not the slightest curiosity is excited as to who are the present inhabitants of a house near Wilmington Green, its vicarage, or of Baldwins.

WILMINGTON.

· CONCERNING the youngest son of the archdeacon I cannot here omit giving Mr. Thorpe's introduction to one of this gentleman's letters*. "For the information contained in the following curious letter, I am indebted to my learned and worthy friend the Rev. S. Denne, M. A. F. S. A., vicar of Wilmington and Darent, in Kent,

* See *Custumale*, p. 90.

editor of that useful work, the *History and Antiquities of Rochester and its Environs*, published 1772." For Mr. Thorpe's acknowledgment of being much indebted to the manuscripts of Dr. Denne, between whom and Dr. Thorpe there was a frequent and unreserved communication of their respective enquiries into the *History and Antiquities of Rochester*.

When taking the air, on horseback, frequent were the calls of Mr. Denne at your grandfathers, but probably to much increase his acquaintance our way was to him by no means desirable, and to families not in the care of Mr. D., their very ancient friendship and some connexion, must have been the inducement for an annual visit from his invalid sister and aged mother, of whose extraordinary disposition having from my childhood heard much, and often silent I sat contemplating, by turns, the effects of such serenity on the daughter, and that of art on those excellent portraits of her father and mother, where the bishop's red ribbon, and fluted termination of Mrs. Bradford's head-dress, came in for a due portion of my applause.

CAMP.

But we must now repeat, that, returned to our lane, which, in the year 1780, led to that Heath most import-

* See *Custumale*, p. 234.

ant to the belles of its vicinity, of which a description in rhyme, not being mended by my prosing, shall only observe, that, added to some of those we noticed at the Mount were (visitors to Lady Mary Scott and Miss Haddock) two Miss Sturts, beside whom the daughters of Sir John Dyke; from Sutton, Miss Mumford and a Miss Buckley, the friend of Captain and Mrs. Mytton, with whom and Dr. Munro we dined at their houses, and with Colonel and Mrs. Greg at the mess.

Our camp was by the riots deprived of three regiments, but with us remained the *Northampton* and one peeress*. You will be excused a list of peers, giving me leave to observe, that the Earl of Northampton accompanied his aunt† and a very *select* party to supper, where, with Misses — ‡, it perhaps was but the ghost of gaiety, for what availed the attendance of beaux to whom our good night might be for ever, and to us their morning salute, the groan of forges, and still more dismal sound, that of departing regiments.

* Lady Sussex.

† Lady Mary Scott.

‡ Having inadvertently said, “broke not the bread of cheerfulness,” feared something like it in Scripture. And here cannot help adding, having once observed that to Grace, though even sanctified by the speaker, some objections are made by the *immediately* following subjects on conversation, the clergyman replied, “and is there any harm in being cheerful?”

Owing to the wise regulations of General Pearson, those dreaded depredations on the country were escaped, together with the foreboded increase of licentiousness. Those gents who had lent or let their houses (in which damage was soon repaired) now returned; but for the poor Heath on the following summer, I shall again refer you to our rhyming.

To the archers' ball, on Shooter's Hill, I accompanied my mother, when, by some gaieties perhaps connected with archery, we were soon after assembled on Dartford Heath to the praise of a contemporary beauty. Be it known, I was by Miss Talbot presented with the following verses.

Where knights and damsels met in splendid show,
Hailed the bright goddess of the silver bow,
And maids of Kent, expert in piercing hearts,
Supplied the archers with their eyes for darts,
From Love's artillery discharged their lances,
And vanquish Cantia's heroes with their glances;
There the three sisters* from the Derwent's side,
Of Odo's ancient battlements the pride,
With winning softness, and with dove-like eyes,
Unconscious of their work, obtained the prize.

* The three sisters were the Misses Dykes of Lullingstone.

Ye virgin Sisters of chaste Dian's train,
Have pity on the archers you have slain,
For, oh, what armour can secure be found,
When arrows sharp as yours inflict the wound.

From Sir John Dyke a very obliging message was sent, and by such civilities your grandfather was frequently gratified, as from Mr. Burrows, near Sheston camp, &c. &c.

LULLINGSTONE.

This church*, to the honour of its patrons, who for a long succession of time have resided in the family seat near. It is remarkable for decency and neatness. It is paved with white and black marble; the pews are regularly wainscotted, the windows adorned with painted glass, and the cieling ornamented with stucco. The ancient tube or screen which separates the nave from the chancel, yet remains entire; it is of oak, and a most beautiful piece of gothic work, with a balustrade at top. The monuments, which are fine, are in excellent preservation; an example worthy to be imitated by others who have any regard for the memorials of their ancestors.

* Custumale, p. 1042.

DARTFORD.

BUT to the town of Dartford we are to be introduced by descending that hill down which, some threescore years since, a certain Miss, whose riding, till very lately, and now for health, had ever been confined to a close carriage, was ran away with; when passing a house at the bottom of it, and turning in at a gate very rarely opened, her pony in the stall of a stable quietly disposed of himself and his rider, who was immediately lifted off by one of Dr. Latham's* family. I think we cannot blame the servant, as his pursuing would but have added to the speed of the pony.

Now seated in view of the church, how strongly were renewed the scenes of infancy in that parsonage where Mrs. Harwood, becoming a widow, ended her days at Rochester. Often as I have attempted, unable to do justice to this subject, I shall, when boasting such another instance (only that it cannot descend) add, how unfortu-

* I shall here insert a letter to me, from the ingenious naturalist, Mr. John Latham, F. R. S., author of a General Synopsis of Birds, concerning these shells, and other stratum of the turbinated kind, at a small distance from the other; who, at the same time, favoured me with a specimen of the latter from his curious museum, with an elegant drawing of it. See *Custumale*, p. 254, plate 32, fig. 20.

nate a Lord Byron, who tells us he never had but one *friend*.

“ To mark a friends remains these stones arise,
I never had but one, and here he lies.”

*Inscription on a Newfoundland Dog,
Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.*

DARTFORD INN.

WE who knew not that even the long-expected honour of a short visit had ever taken place, were surprised when told at the inn, that a large mirror (the present of Lady Fermanhaugh) had come from a house on the Heath, once belonging to his Royal Highness, afterwards George the Fourth.

NORTHFLEET.

THIS worthy person* was a Master of Arts of Brazen-nose College, in Oxford, born at Aynho, in Northamptonshire, October 20, 1695, son of Nathaniel Harris, rector of Over-Worton, in the county of Oxford, and nephew of Samuel Bradford, D. D., lord bishop of this diocese; he was rector of Gravesend and vicar of this parish, who, after a faithful and exemplary discharge of every moral and religious duty, and strenuous assertion

* Rev. Thomas Harris.

of the sacred truths of the gospel, which he here preached thirty-six years, exchanged this life for a blessed immortality, December 27, 1762, at the vicarage house, in which he had been a constant resident, and lies interred under the pew thereto belonging, in the south aisle of this church. He had to his first wife Katharine, the daughter of Richard Chapman, prebendary of Lincoln, and vicar of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. To his second, Katharine, the relict of Lawrence Holker, of Gravesend, M. D.

GAD'S HILL.

With Shakspeare at her elbow—but don't be alarmed. Here is only a story and rhyming, or something like it, to prove my love of brevity*.

A certain Asiatic, impatient at the delay of his messenger, being by an astrologer informed curiosity had led her to taste a pea† peculiar to the west, gave to this hill the appropriate distinction of * * *, which was, by an European linguist, translated Gadder's Hill, but soon reduced to a monasyllable.

* But for all this, proverbs being quite in character with age, I may, when properly applied, avow a partiality for them, and therefore, in defiance of *Chesterfield* and *Cervantes*, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

† *Lathyrus*, *Moonshine*, vol. I. p. 59.

See Brighton her lost helm bewailing,
Through our old practice of curtailing.

Or shall we have it :

And now the raging winds are roaring,
The Brighton her lost helm deploring.

CHATHAM.

Now to illustrate the art of sinking, might we begin with for half a century, had the golden car of day rolled on its glorious course.

Since we were saluted by a cry of the linchpin, the linchpin, as your grandfather's carriage entered the Crown at Rochester, but where we were now prevented from stopping* by being rapidly driven into the Mitre, at Chatham ; and here, though more sober than a Quixote, we might be excused transforming its master, in his morning gown, to the governor *en dishabille*, who invites us to walk on his spacious balcony, its burnished floor swept by the dazzling plumage of a most magnificent mackaw, whom he playfully chides for spoiling those enticing grapes clustering about that balustrade, beyond which you look down on those unspotted lambs, which are enjoying a handsome grass-plot edged with flowering shrubs.

* Possibly by some mistake between myself and the postboy.

It is nothing uncommon for those opposite, the dove and raven, to unmolested promenade our less-frequented towns; but I could not reconcile this gentleman with his long train (as we were assured, unsupported), parading in safety the narrow and busy streets of a sea-port. I think this bird had belonged to Mrs. Hastings.

On the third day of the governor's trial, I was present at the speeches of Fox, Sheridan, and Lord Thurlow.

ROCHESTER.

AND can I ever forget that birth-night ball, opened, and how gracefully, by Miss —, or introduced by her on dining at the Deanery. She was herself again, elegantly conspicuous. The present "learned" and worthy dean* and Mrs. Dampier, how pleasant and obliging.

And here, too much to be expressed, let me be silent, yet *perhaps* indulgent to melancholy, though of so different and dismal a hue. I repeat, that once upon a time, so frequent the breaking-open houses, their fastenings were without end improved or multiplied, till, one night, a quantity of plate being taken from the archdeacon's—this, indeed, caused a universal alarm. The carpenter, a hatchet sticking out of the bag which hung at his back,

* See *Custumale*, p. 224.

was overtaken by a fellow-townsmen, who informed him of the just-mentioned robbery. I guess its needless to say where the plate was, or who had been so much employed on contriving new securities. When all hope was over, being urged to give the best advice, he replied, *inside* shutters and a little dog; that large ones out of the house were easily quieted.

CANTERBURY.

Though to us it could not be a second Rochester, must be remembered, for, at an interval of some years, many very agreeable weeks; but often have I congratulated myself on never having been again thrown in the way of these or any other *races* (balls and plays, pleasure), versus horror*, or being, by *absence*, found guilty of the most absurd affectation.

The now Rev. Mr. Cooks dined at Mr. Hasted's, with whose family we several times visited at the Rev. Dr. Beauvoirs, and together spent a day at the Rev. Bryant Faucit's. I think it was a Rev. Mr. Gosling, by whom was written "A *Walk* round Canterbury," that we had variety of most pleasant ones, I am certain. The

* Perhaps accidental, a horse that had just run, being brought, and * * * close to a stand full of ladies.

cathedral was, at all leisure times, a source of admiration and reflection.

It is not because our few words on the city of Rochester finish with one rogue*, that we have for that of Canterbury found out another. It is because we cannot forbear joining every one in their amazement at the now sound state of that tomb beneath which was laid the father of Richard, who must have “burst his cearments†,” when so near to him approached the dethroner of his son.

Perhaps I remember this—

“Some things, too well known to need a description, of which I have remained ignorant all my life.”

As in these days, between a shipwreck and “trip to Paris” a very fair comparison is presented—impossible! No! they are both so common, and not more serious an affair the loss of property in the one instance than in the other—ruin of every pretention to fashion by having been found guilty of such vulgarities: so I have put them together:—

* I cannot now study Rapin to see if too strong the term rogue.

† I think some critic tells us, Hamlet, in his fright, forgot spirits, i. e. ghosts, cannot be confined. See note on Shakspeare, Johnson's Edition, 1765, vol. viii., p. 160.

SIDMOUTH BEACH.

SHIPWRECK.

July 20, 1822.

Between two and three I was awakened by something like a stone falling on this house, and went to Miss L—, who, striking a light, we could not find any thing to prevent my again going to rest, where I heard what I supposed a gate-bell, and at a distance, soon after, many voices. Concluding they were some honest fellows* who, after their mode, had been keeping the coronation, I laid until a gun was fired close under the window, from which I beheld a vessel near the shore, the waves breaking over it, and a crowd looking on; something dark appeared close to the side of the deck, though, as it did not seem to move, I flattered myself no one was on board, but in a short time persons were hurrying about with great lights, and I then recollected having heard of firing a rope to a wreck. Two or three guns now going off, I went to my friend and told her that they were fired by those on shore, and then returning to my room, a boat was putting off, nor (as I had dreaded) did I see that the water entered, but soon that in it were several men, and, with the crowd,

* Perhaps remembering, from the days of the Pretender
That King George he was born on the — of October,
And 'tis a *sin* for all honest men then to be sober.

stood speechless, till on their getting into the surf, I, in a moment, lost sight of them. Some people were rushing into the waves, and the boat was *empty*, the crowd running to their edge, gave a loud cry; but not certain if from joy or horror, I, in the utmost haste, descended to the viranda, long endeavouring to be heard, till a woman assured me they were *all safe*. One of the masts then broke, and from the garret we could see the other share its fate; and, after a violent crash, the vessel parted, so that one end looked like a great boat. The planks were now washed on shore, and by six no signs of the wreck, but that at intervals it seemed as if the waves met with some interruption.

Nine o'clock there were on board the master and five men, who Mr. Pearce *, the first that heard of their distress, took in, and all now fast asleep. One of them, when the boat reached the ship, had prepared to swim: when the boat overset, all of them were under it. The brig *Sally* was 180 tons burthen, loss about 80 quarters; it had laid here about a week, advertising and crying coals to be sold on the beach: nothing saved but an empty trunk. Mr. Marsh said why the guns and rope could not be fired sooner, the custom-house men (the

* Master of the Boarding-house.

only persons who understood how) were out some way off looking after smugglers. On Saturday coals washed on shore, poor people getting baskets full.

Sunday, 21st, men returned thanks for their deliverance. The wreck strewed the beach from the further end of York-terrace to the street which comes past Prospect-place—a most shocking sight; the bottom filled up with stones.

On Monday two boats went off: sea still very rough: they returned with, in one, a great quantity of iron chain.

1824. Left the beach for No. 10, Fortfield, the last house at the field end, by which we escaped *seeing* what might be called a beach wreck, but most probably *heard* the fall of the chit rock, and by the clatter of our shower of slates, sent into a back room, were followed by perhaps the extravagant fear that the sea would follow us, when the maid very composedly said, “had she not better take the beakers off the mantelpiece?” In the morning, several people came to inquire how we were, informing us of the havoc occasioned by the sea running down the High-street, entering the houses on York-terrace, &c. Providentially not any life was lost, nor I believe any *serious* personal injury received*.

* This was followed by a generous public subscription.

IN PARIS.

PALACE ROYAL.

In its windows we were much disappointed : those of London generally content with the display of one trade, but here, for the upper shelves cut glass ; on the next, in imitation of gold candlesticks, &c. ; descending, toys for children from five to six feet high, as snuff-boxes, fans, &c. ; and, still lower, a most dazzling collection of jewelry ; *at last*, from our knee to the pavement, large pieces of plate or plated *no* ; on the ground floor of the window, dinner sets of the most beautiful porcelain. But here was one entirely devoted to steel ornaments ; and on the Boulevards, for some domestic purpose, what we fancied the finest wire-work we had any where met with.

There were confectioners, and many warehouses for apparel ; and at a cutlers, completely filling the chair in which he slept, that fierce, dark-haired, long-whiskered gentleman, the Angola cat, whom we ventured not to disturb. But I cannot close the subject without remarking on a line with shops of the common description in the vicinity of the Thuilleries, a *hay shop*, which ever brought with it the idea of impending conflagration.

NOTRE DAME.

We were here shown some vestments of the priests, I think made out of the canopy used at the coronation of the Corsican. But who could help admiring the courage of your collectors of *originals*, while they at the Louvre beheld that excellent copy of the pope who crowned Bonaparte, finishing by an artist then at work.

To the particularly rich room of the Luxemburg, all mirror painting and gold, we proceeded through an extraordinary mean one, where a noble pair had just been married.

LEFT PARIS.

Although we did not visit the colossal elephant, yet, having now seen all the great lions of Paris, amongst which the camel-leopard* race up its royal garden, from which a fine view of that city. Being seized (as we were told on our return to England) with the usual panic of a war, late in the day received passports, and on informing the postillion we should sleep at St. Denis, he said the king would pass through on the morrow, which he did, his coach followed by another; to each eight bays in full gallop.

ST. DENIS.

The anniversary of the death of Louis the Eighteenth

* One of which may now be seen in this country.

having, I think, been but the day before, never did we behold a more rueful and strange appearance than that made by the cathedral of St. Denis, where some of the sables were still hanging, and others folding up, while one tomb was yet entirely covered by * * * velvet, on which, in the richest embroidery of gold and silver, the escutcheons and insignia of the late king were contrasted with the dust, litter, and lofty scaffolding of church repair.

On entering the vaults, were mouldering some pieces of very ancient mosaic, and, farther on, those bronze gates by Bonaparte, brought to adorn his tomb, leaning against the marble door which closes that of Louis the Eighteenth, remembering us of that column erected to commemorate the conquest of England, now finished by a *fleur de lis*.

But to return to our inn, the Grand Cerf, where, through the demand for horses, we were obliged to spend * * * *, and for the first time* saw the Host carried to the sick. So quickly and continually did the procession pass and repass, we could not understand it, but were assured they were different priests, who, their white vestments drenched in rain, and wading through the mud, while pouring forth most melancholy notes, left on us a

* Very odd we never saw it before.

truly woful impression, but by all others seemed to be wholly unnoticed; and could it be, as we fancied, the same voice which from morning to night invited a fare by *Pare, Pare*, (Paris).

An incessant succession of some heavy-laden vehicle dragged towards Paris, had, by the profound silence of its driver, awakened curiosity, on which no lamp to throw a light conjecture, was called in to unload barges of stone; but who, truth by observing, that to Paris every thing was brought by water, forced to be as silent as were the carters.

We, the next day, at Beaumont, waited a considerable time for horses; on our road, some parts of the several flowery wreaths which had, in honour of his majesty, been woven into arches, still remained, as have, perhaps for years, the more substantial fabric of crucifixes.

BEAUVAIS.

At the court of France* we were told that the king being at a ball on eight hundred persons were then in the two rooms which we had seen at the Town-hall, the walls of one of them scarlet, sprinkled with *fleur de lis*, but as yet without further ornament than a large

* See Moonshine, vol. II. p. 288.

picture describing the heroism of Jeane Hackette; in the other, a portrait of Louis the Fourteenth when young.

Many were the fine pieces of tapestry we viewed in this manufactory, from which are the cupids on a screen, and the stools in the saloon of the Thuilleries.

ABBEVILLE.

The front of the cathedral is indeed most elegant, but to obtain entrance you encounter a crowd of beggars. One of these seemed tolerably well calculated for his self-deputed office of verger, pointing out to us a painting of St. George, and as we returned, to save our going round the infinite mass of chairs, adroitly made us a passage through them, close to the choir, and as we proceeded up the other aisle, I think, said this is the chapel of the crucifixion, in which, amongst other appropriate subjects, there laid, on something like a bed of wood or stone, a figure large as life, its cap as fine as bright blue paint could make it.

A poor woman endeavouring to force her sturdy infant of about a year old, to kiss the wound, but his lips, accustomed to a different salute, absolutely refused to press the cold and begrimed orifice, which her's did with the most rapturous devotion. Another begged us to buy from her basket of candles, which were the size of a quill, one of which was now burning in the chapel.

BOULOGNE.

At the Hotel de Nord were chairs which came from Lisle. I thought walnut tree, but the grains so beautifully varied. A gentleman had encumbered himself with two of these clumsy articles, and a certain person was much tempted to have done the same with half a dozen.

THE ROAD

Gave us in many respects a park-like scene, yet much did we miss our English hedge, that stripe of ancient growth, that underwood of roses, hawthorn, and honeysuckle, with its bank of primrose, violet, lychnis, hyacinth, and fern, that assemblage and succession of beauty, sweet scents and sweet sounds. But is this fair? are these to be found in the *avenues* to our *metropolis*? I fear not, though I still saw on Gad's-hill some bushes which might yet harbour the great pink, lathyrus. And, beheld in their city carriages of most monstrous makes, which, after having contrived to creep into, the passenger sits nearly in the dark. Countless are what we might call the clumsy single-horse chair, with their nodding hoods, in one of them, a man and wife, of genteel appearance, who, seating a young family at their feet, they thus encountered the crowded street of Paris. How often, in

our widest, is that tedious stop endured, which neither a volley from the box, nor popping of powder* from the windows, can terminate.

But though these coachmen must second the endeavour of every pedestrian to avoid his being crushed, on they drove at a furious rate from Rue Louis le Grande to the Royal Garden of Plants, without a single pause, and wherever we went just the same.

As it is now nearly half a century since I left† Rotterdam, the variations in English, Dutch, and French countenances were not sufficiently striking to be mentioned by one who is not a physiognomist; but the blue wollen periwig of Parisian horses extorted—"how would this animal have encreased the astonishment of a Peruvian."

In those books brought us at the inns wherein, it should seem, they expected us to express our approbation (which, in some instances, was before we had much experience of their treatment) several of our countrymen had declared themselves "perfectly *satisfied*."

* Moonshine, vol. II. page 4.

† Hague.—See Moonshine vol. 1, page 66.

RETURNING (CRAYFORD) FROM FRANCE.

Of course the inhabitants of Bexley did not, by a circuit through Crayford, visit at May Place, and we had now forgotten the turning to that seat; but for a glimpse of its church, ever conspicuous from our chamber window, and therefore unheeded, while the eye strained in pursuit of a rarely visible sail) now how eagerly was let down the glass of a hack chaise—but here how offended was reason. For what with this wholly grave compilation disagreeing with Toldervy, the somewhat droll name of the compiler, the still more ludicrous idea of “Madam Short,” and contrasted with his most melancholy fate the wig of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, we were betrayed into what, deprived of wings, to prevent, like Sir Gregory Page’s, the entire flight of —; but in the attempt to pronounce Danson, expired this ill-timed “Mockery of Mirth,” with whom it had been so often entered most have occurred at many a door. But here we, most probably for the last time, beheld the lane from Bexley, and the road which Sir John desired, whenever we walked to Welling, might be quitted for his shrubbery, if in the least preferable. But a truce with the approaching host of melancholy, while we hear a little girl tell an old story in her own way, with whose distress perhaps certain dear little creatures of her age may sympathize.

“It was when I walked up to thank those kind Miss Boyds for making me that beautiful needle-book and pin-cushion of gold and silver tissue, I saw one dark spot and then another, come upon my white frock ; I felt that I coloured sadly ; at which they, quite frightened, jump up, when what should it be, but sitting close to a table, the pen in a cup of blue mixed for drawing patterns on muslin, had fixed itself in the ribbon *quilled* round my new hat—how odd !” Sir John’s first wife, the mother of these ladies, was dead before I can remember ; but Sir John called on my dear little Laurence with his second who I can recollect bringing to my father’s that much esteemed authoress Mrs. Chapone.

“The holy edifice,” independent of its peculiar connexion with another life, can never be viewed with indifference when in the most serious concern of this (marriage) how indispensable an agent. But we will now pursue our way, which, ONCE upon a time, led to new crosses*, and to new blessings, and as amongst the greatest, how deservedly mentioned can only be known by her admiring family.—See my Son’s Verses to me, of August the 1st, 1833, line 3.

* One of which was the turnpike.

BEFORE DAY-BREAK, THE PRECEDING EVENING WAS THUS DESCRIBED TO GIVE A MOMENT'S RELIEF FROM LEGAL AND OTHER CARES.

It is a pleasing scene!—I see
This side the unbrageous poplar tree*;
On t' other various †, form that grove,
Which may invite the songs of love;
Between, not distant, Sol's last ray,
Blending with the still bluish grey,
Beneath which, yet discerned, the cow,
That stands upon our mountain's brow,
And the so often climb'd up jut
Perhaps for eggs—no certainly for soot!
Nor is this mooly of the restive kind,
But one who gently turns with every wind!
Ah, lack a-day! and so our joke
On April's morn expires—in smoke! (1835.)

63, *Sloane-street*.

* Vol. II. page 175.—“While poplars far stretching.”

† The Acacia, Lilac, Sycamore, Maple, Almond, Holly, Ivy, Vine, and another, name forgotten.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I HAVE, during a long night, sometimes found relief from a variety of painful subjects; at others, but the increase of melancholy. By a peep into the drawing-rooms of early youth, where generally the junior Miss (who seated accordingly) having read something about “when a great man’s butler looks grave,” thought “this man is grave enough, and might, by his person, hold a far higher post:—but in another view, does not deserve even his present station—could he not find a more wholesome indulgence for that child (perhaps nearly five years old) than sugar candy.”

Ah, here he comes, the lovely little beggar! and again, yes and again, when the hum that followed the *sans prendre vole*, or the finishing of a pool, and so-forth, favoured his entreaties.

Beggar—no a boaster—“Him will have it as sure as can be!” and that man whom we had so rashly censured was really on guard over slices of plum-cake.—Master A—N.

SONNET

TO MY WIFE'S OLD BONNET.

" You may print the Sonnet, as it is improperly called, provided you don't mention the unfortunate who perpetrated it."

OH thee I've known on tester of the bed—
Hid in a band-box—seen thee on the head
Of her I love, whilst walking in the streets—
Observed thee nodding to each friend she meets—
Oft have I mark'd thy flowers, made of feather,
And sometimes blaming you and them together
For hiding from mine eyes that lovely hair—
That grows upon the noddle of my fair.
I see at length with grief thy former hues,
Though erst refulgent, now their luster lose ;
Indeed a rising sigh I scarce can smother,
To think—that I must buy my wife another !
Well, so it is, e'en bonnets will be grey,
And silks and sinners hasten to decay !
So fare thee well, my wife's old worn out bonnet !
I think thee still well worthy of a sonnet !

NOTE—PAGE 326.

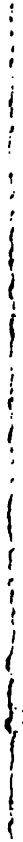
Magdalen from a design of Mr. Dingley (I think this model was of oak) and cost him 100*l*. This, though much approved by good judges, was not the plan adopted.

An account of the rise, progress and present state of the Magdalen charity, printed by W. Faden for the charity, page 4.—“ But from whatever reason, the good design rested only in wishes, and no man had either magnanimity, virtue, influence, or address enough to carry it into execution, until Mr. Dingley arose, superior to mean and popular prejudices, and depending on the goodness of his cause and the integrity of his intentions, offered to the public, in the year 1758, an excellent plan, peculiarly his own, to which the following introduction was prefixed, which does honour to that gentleman, and well deserves the reader’s attention. Happy in the approbation of the public, Mr. Dingley, with the concurrence of seven worthy friends*, (whose names deserve to be had in remembrance, and whose characters would do

* Robert Nettleton, George Wombwell, John Dorrien, John Thornton, Thomas Preston, Charles Dingley, Jonas Hanway, Esquires.

honor to any undertaking) began the generous subscription. It was opened on the 18th of August, 1758."

To prove the flexibility of his genius, Mr. Thorpe, intending to replace three cottages near the bridge at Bexley, Mr. D. submitted the present idea to his notice, which gives us that of one dwelling.



ERRATA.—VOL. I.

- Page 6, line 13, *for* dote *read* I dote.
 — 52, last line, — court — count.
 — 87, line 12, — age — aye.
 — 166, — 5, — cue — clue.

VOL. II.

- 173, — 15, — grom — from.
 — 199, *add* to Note,—though it was only what grew on the
 ridges of the cart-ruts to which he condescended to
 stoop.
 Page 4, the reference to the note should be put to the word *seem*,
 instead of to *universally*.
 — 19, line 10, *for* hopeless . . . *read* hapless.
 — 53, — 4, — praised . . . — prais'd.
 — 65, — 7, — rough — through.

VOL. III.

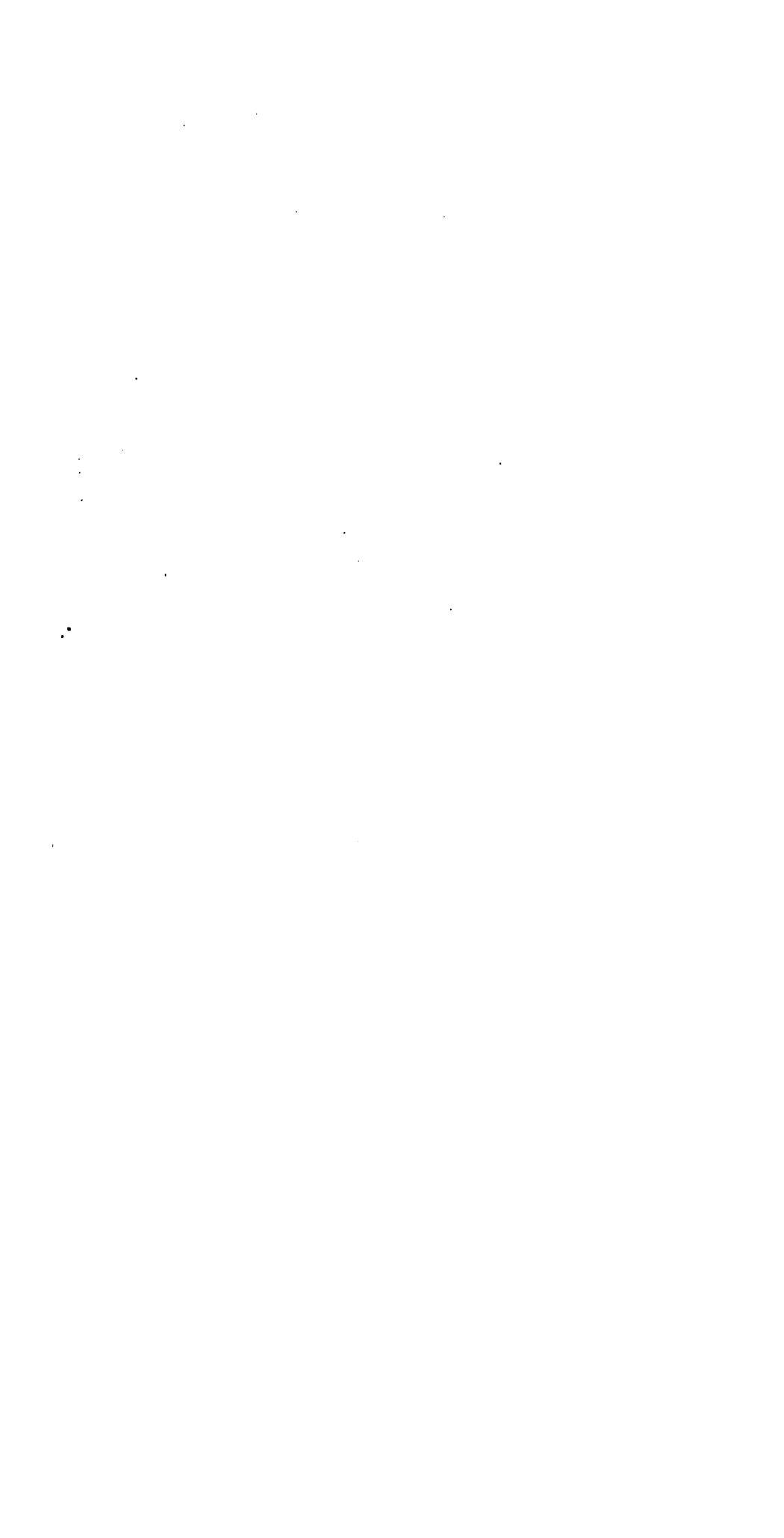
- 197, — 16, — nor — its.
 — 216, — 8, — of females . . — in females.
 — 253, — 12, — goodness . . — goddess.
 — 254, — 10, — that — than that.
 — 255, — 10, — leisure — Leisure.
 — 268, — 2, — this hour . . — his honor.
 — 273, — 8, — *omit* the word thee.
 — 279, — 2, — yon — you.
 — 271, note—It was his Royal Highness, only, that went to
 Guernsey.
 — 286, read third line from the end.
 — 341, Richard Hulse, Esquire, (son of Sir Edward Hulse, Bart.)
 whose seat was called Baldwin.
 — 364, Mrs. Chapone, sister to Lady Boyd, niece to Dr. Thomas,
 Bishop of Winchester, and Preceptor to George III.*
 — 365, the Maple, which in April bears small yellow flowers.
 — — Forgotten *read* Glastonbury thorn.—mooly *read* Mooly.

TRANSLATIONS—PAGE 305, note.

The most munificent King George the Second, with the con-
 currence of Parliament, ordered to be rebuilt this edifice, destroyed
 by a mournful fire.

How serious an affair, and how negligently regarded.

* See "Memoirs of George III." by R. Huish, Esq., page 381.





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